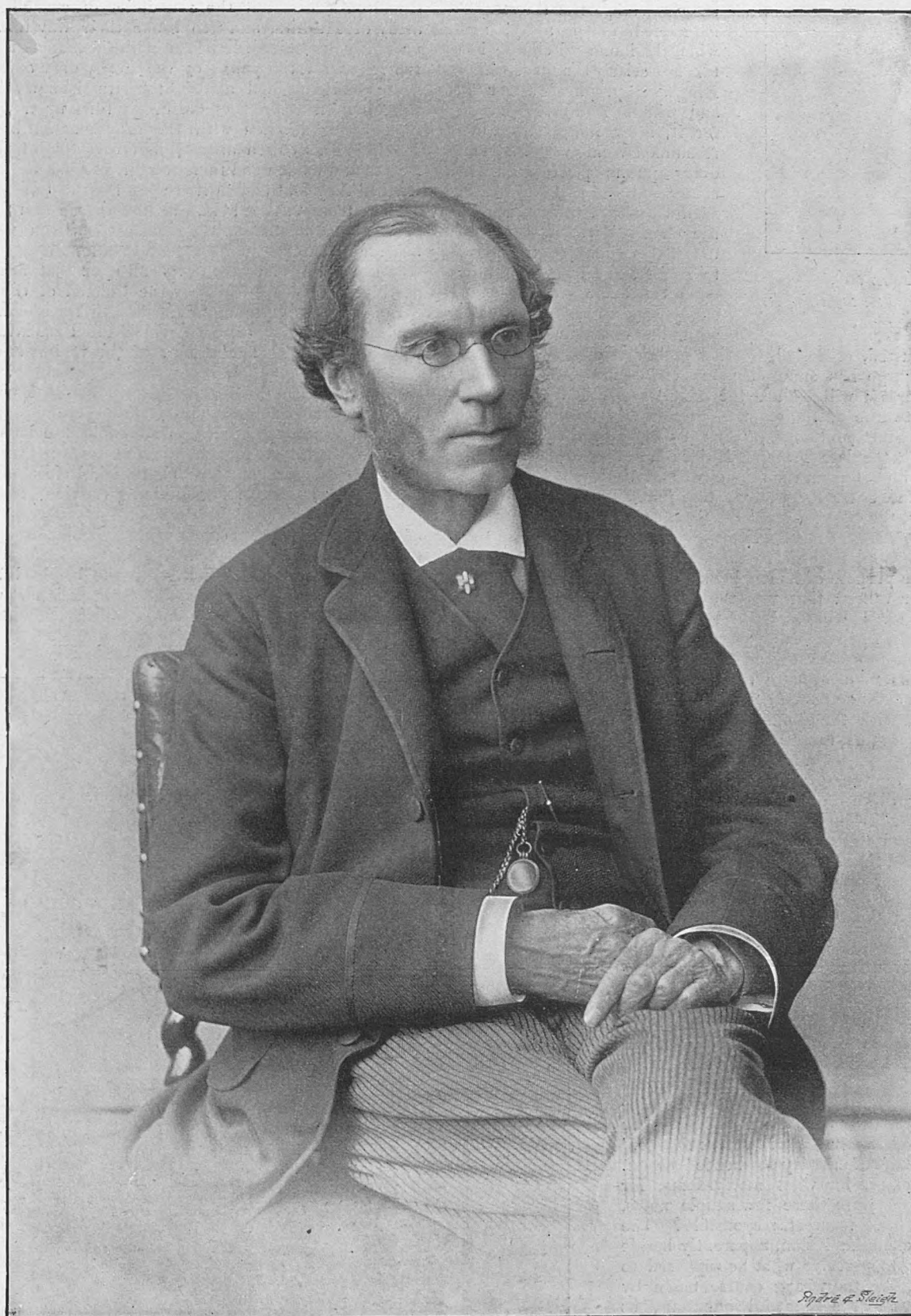




No. 270.—VOL. XXI.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1898.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



Born Feb. 28, 1830.]

[Died March 25, 1898.

THE LATE MR. JAMES PAYN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARRAUDS, LIMITED, OXFORD STREET, W.



# THE BUGLE THAT SOUNDED THE GREAT CHARGE.

"The perversity which sent our squadrons to their doom," wrote Kinglake of the famous Balaclava Charge, "is only, after all, the mortal part of the story. Half-forgotten already, the origin of the 'Light Cavalry Charge' is fading away out of sight. Its splendour remains.



TRUMPET-MAJOR JOY,

Who Sounded the Charge to the Light Brigade at Balaclava.

And splendour like this is something more than the mere outward adornment which graces the life of a nation. It is . . . strength carried by proud descent from one generation to another—strength awaiting the trials that are to come." And now, forty-four years after the charge, when the "mortal part of the story" is indeed faded away, and when the immortal charge has taken precisely the place which Kinglake prophesied for it and which Tennyson secured for it, after its glories have resounded from every rostrum, every public platform, there comes up a pathetic little reminiscence of the "origin of the charge" which seems to unroll the whole picture again, to recall those moving figures upon the heights and in the valleys, and to restore the past with an exquisite vividness.

Sung, recited, discussed, criticised, worried in law courts, tortured by controversy, the charge has endured many vicissitudes at the hand of man, and to-morrow will endure the oddest vicissitude of all; it will be recalled to the rattle of the auctioneer's hammer, when Messrs. Debenham, Storr, and Sons, of Covent Garden, will offer for sale the bugle on which the late Trumpet-Major H. Joy—Staff-Trumpeter to Colonel the Earl of Lucan, then in command of the cavalry in the Crimea—sounded the order for the "gallop" and "charge" on this memorable occasion, the other regimental trumpeters taking up the call from him. It is strange, in recollecting the peaceful uses to which this trumpet may now be put as a mere relic, as a treasure of history, to remember the heroic purpose of its employment on Oct. 25, 1854.

Two hills and a valley: that was the scene that faced the Light Cavalry upon that terrible day. Upon the crown of the hills lay the enemy, and far withdrawn in the valley were assembled the grey Cossacks on horseback, and in front of these what Kinglake calls "burnished pieces of cannon with the brightness and hue of red gold—cannon still in battery, still hot with the slaughter of their comrades." Behind the English force, again upon heights, was placed Lord Raglan with his staff. Such was the position when the creature of impulse, Captain Nolan, went riding down into the valley with orders from the Commander-in-Chief that the Light Cavalry were to advance and capture "the guns." What guns? It is assumed that Nolan knew well that the guns indicated in the order were those upon the heights, not those in the valley. But Lucan was critical; Nolan was hasty. The commander adopted the worst interpretation; the subordinate, unaware of it, refused to be explicit, and the famous and preposterously magnificent results followed. Lord Lucan rode forward to Lord Cardigan, who commanded the Light Cavalry, informed him that the orders were that the Light Brigade should advance down the valley, received from Lord Cardigan a formal protest, repeated his orders, "shrugging his shoulders while speaking," and declared that "there was no choice but to obey." It was then that Trumpet-Major Joy rang out "the gallop," followed after by "the charge." And then "the great act of military obedience" began.

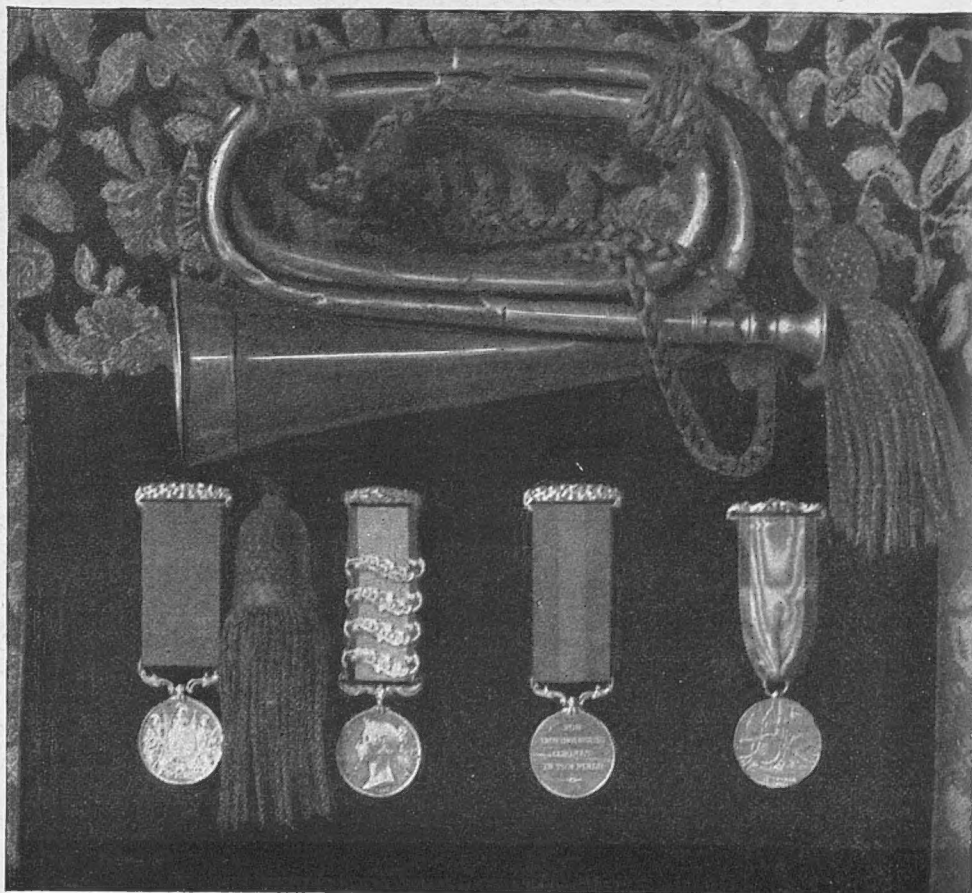
For what tragedies, for what martyrdoms, for what acts of heroism were these few simple notes, sounded along that brass trumpet, responsible? The first came quickly enough; Nolan, apparently beside himself with dismay to perceive what he supposed to be, what he knew to be, the wrong course taken by the advancing troops—"the beautiful squadrons," as the historian has finely named them—rode across the line of route, to Lord Cardigan's unspeakable indignation, making wild gestures towards the heights. Of course, he was too late, but as he rode a fragment of shell from the Russian lines tore its way to his heart;

his horse wheeled round, and, as it galloped back among

the advancing lines, the rider, in the throes of death, still held his warning sword aloft, while raising that terrible shriek, known only upon the battle-field, which the human creature utters at the moment when the diaphragm is severed. That was the first tragedy of the trumpet, and it was indeed ill-omened.

The adventures of the splendid regiment led by Captain Morris were amazing. Part, the bulk in fact, of the regiment was stopped by the impact of the Russian guns, but part, outflanking the line of guns, charged, a mere handful, headlong into the ranks of Russian horsemen. Morris was almost instantly disabled by the very strength of his lunge, by which he pierced through and through to the hilt of his sword the Russian squadron-leader, but the remainder drove full down on the enemy's array of Hussars, and "so broke their way into his strength as to be presently intermingled, the few with the many—the twenty gay, glittering Lancers with the ranks of the dusky grey cavalry." When the first panic had subsided among the Russians and they discovered their ridiculous situation, they did finally turn upon their assailants, and the little band, mingled with the grey enemy, began slowly to retreat. The Cossacks closed around; but they fought their way through these masses and made good their retreat, passing back across the valley from whence they had just started upon their astonishing career.

The trumpet that held, like the thread of the fates, these and other enormous incidents of time enclosed within its thin walls of brass, became naturally an object of distinction and reverence among those who had sprung forward to its call upon that memorable occasion. Its destiny was nobly decided by the Colonel of the 17th Lancers. Upon it runs this inscription: "Presented by the Colonel of the 17th Lancers to Trumpet-Major Joy: on which the Balaclava Charge was sounded, Oct. 25, 1854." The officers of the regiment desired to present Joy with a silver trumpet, in exchange for the old one; but he preferred the trumpet that had made history before its silver counterpart. Of less immediately public interest are the four medals and various valuable testimonials once possessed by the late Trumpet-Major, which are also destined for the auction-room; they include the Crimean Medal with four bars for Sebastopol, Inkerman, Balaclava, and Alma, the Turkish Crimean Medal, Long Service Medal, and the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. Joy died in 1893, and some officers of the 17th Lancers have erected a handsome memorial to him in Chiswick Parish Churchyard. There are few indeed now alive who listened to those little notes of the bright brass trumpet forty-four years ago. Time, as cruel as the Cossack, is fast wreaking his vengeance upon "all that was left of them, Noble Six Hundred."



THIS BUGLE SOUNDED THE FATAL CHARGE AT BALACLAVA.

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**EASTERN.**



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THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.  
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Sole Lessee and Manager.  
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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.  
LAST TWO MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.  
THE CONQUERORS, by Paul M. Potter, will be produced on THURSDAY, April 14.  
Box plan now open 10 to 10. ST. JAMES'S.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY.****EASTER EXCURSIONS.**

From LONDON (ST. PANCAS and CITY and SUBURBAN STATIONS).  
IRELAND.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 5, 6, and 7, to various parts of IRELAND  
(limit 16 days) as announced in Special Bills.  
GENERAL EXCURSION.

THURSDAY, April 7, To PRINCIPAL TOWNS and HOLIDAY RESORTS in the MIDLAND  
COUNTIES, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, and THE NORTH-EAST  
COAST (for 5 or 6 days), also to ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND (for 5, 9, or 16 days).  
SATURDAY NIGHT, April 9, to Normanton, LEEDS, Shipley, and BRADFORD, returning on  
the following Monday night.

ST. ALBANS, &c.  
EASTER MONDAY, April 11, to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, leaving  
ST. PANCAS at 10.10, 11.20 a.m., and 1.10 p.m.  
SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA.

Cheap Day and Week-End Tickets will be issued to SOUTHEAST-ON-SEA as per Special Bills.  
CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS  
will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 7, 8, and 9, from LONDON (St. Pancas)  
to the PRINCIPAL HOLIDAY and PLEASURE RESORTS, including the PEAK DISTRICT of  
DERBYSHIRE, MORECAMBE, YORKSHIRE, and the NORTH-EAST COAST, available for  
return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 12, except day of issue.

PROGRAMMES OF WEEK-END EXCURSIONS, and OTHER EASTER NOTICES, may be had on  
application to Mr. Elliott, Midland Railway, St. Pancas Station, or any of the Company's  
Receiving Offices, or Thos. Cook and Son's Agencies.  
Derby, March 1898. GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

**AN EASTER CYCLING TOUR.—A Delightful Trip for the**  
Holidays. Illustrated. See *Cyclists' Supplement to The Daily Exchange and Mail* news-  
paper for Monday, April 4. Order at once at any Newsagents' or Bookstall. The paper,  
complete with Supplement, 2d.; post free for 3d. stamps from the Office, 170, Strand, London.

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COLONEL FANE'S SECRET. By Sydney Hodges. Chaps. XIII.-XV.—SOME MEMOR-  
ABLE DUELS. By Charles Bruce-Angier.—THROUGH THE WINDOW. By the late  
Stone Leigh.—WHAT IT COST. By Anna H. Drury.—IN THE NIGHT-WATCHES.  
By Charles W. Wood. F.R.G.S.—FASCINATING CAPTAIN RALSTON. By C. E. C.  
Weigall.—EXTREMES THAT MEET.—By Christian Burke.—THE VANISHERS. By  
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MILADY'S MAID. By George Fosbery.—FOR MY SAKE. By Isabella Fyvie Mayo. &c., &c.  
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yell."—MR. PINERO'S PLAY: "THE PRINCESS AND THE BUTTERFLY."

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and Congestive Diseases of the Corpulent—Diet: the only Safe and Permanent Cure—Diet: Safe at any Age—Quack  
Medicines, Drugs and Purgatives, permanently Injurious or Fatal for this Purpose—Foods of Energy, and of Heat:  
their Use and ultimate Elimination—Errors of Diet: Evils consequent on Food in its Relation to Work—Stimulants  
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEEN. "The only safe and permanent  
cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.  
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.

**EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.**

The Week-End Cheap Tickets issued on April 8, 9, and 10, to and from London and the  
Seaside, will be available for return on any day up to and including April 13.

**SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.**

TO BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY First Class Day Tickets from  
Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s., or Pullman Car, 12s.  
TO WORTHING.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY First Class Day Tickets from  
Victoria at 10.45 a.m. Fare, 11s., or including Pullman Car to Brighton, 13s.

TO PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—SATURDAY, APRIL 9, from Victoria  
1 p.m., Clapham Junction 1.5 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 12.45 p.m., and London Bridge  
2.30 p.m. Returning by certain Trains only Tuesday, April 12.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Fast Trains every  
Week-day.

FROM VICTORIA—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., 3.26 p.m. (4.30 p.m. to Eastbourne and  
Bexhill, and 5.40 p.m. and 7.50 p.m. to Eastbourne only), and 9.45 p.m.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—9.45 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m. (8 p.m. to Eastbourne  
only), and 9.55 p.m.

TO EASTBOURNE.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EVERY SUNDAY Pullman Car Cheap Day  
Tickets from Victoria 11 a.m. Fare 13s. 6d.

**SPECIAL CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS.—GOOD FRIDAY,**

EASTER SUNDAY AND MONDAY. From London Bridge and Victoria to Brighton,  
Worthing, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Tunbridge Wells, Seaford, Eastbourne, Bexhill, and  
Hastings; and on EASTER TUESDAY to Brighton and Worthing.

For Full Particulars of all arrangements, see *Easter Programmes*, or address Superintendent  
of the Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

**PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP 14 DAY EXCURSION**

(First and Second Class only), THURSDAY, April 7, by the Day Service.—Leaving London  
Bridge and Victoria 10 a.m., and First, Second, and Third Class by the Night Service, leaving  
Victoria 8.50 p.m., London Bridge 9 p.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.5 p.m. on Wednesday,  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 6 to 11. Fares, First, 39s. 3d.;  
Second, 30s. 3d.; Third, 26s.

For Particulars see *Handbills*, or address Continental Traffic Manager, London, Brighton,  
and South Coast Railway, London Bridge, S.E.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—GOOD FRIDAY.—GRAND SACRED**

CONCERT.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge,  
New Cross, Victoria, Kensington (Addison Road), West Brompton, Chelsea, and Clapham Junction.

**BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES** are now open for the issue of Tickets  
to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, to the Isle of Wight,  
Paris, and the Continent.

The West-End Booking Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, and  
Hays', 26, Old Bond Street. The City Booking Offices, 6, Arthur Street East, and Hays', 4, Royal  
Exchange Buildings. Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 33, Piccadilly, 13, Cockspur Street,  
445, West Strand, 99, Gracechurch Street, 82, Oxford Street, 21, High Street, Kensington, and  
Euston Road. Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand, 18, Westbourne Grove, and Piccadilly Circus.  
Jenkins', 6, Camden Road, 99, Leadenhall Street, and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate. Myers',  
343, Gray's Inn Road, and 1A, Pentonville Road. The Army and Navy Stores, Victoria Street,  
Westminster. Civil Service Supply Association, 136, Queen Victoria Street, and Bedford Street,  
Strand. International Sleeping-Car Company, Hotel Cecil, Harrod's Stores, Brompton Road, and  
Whiteley's, 151, Queen's Road, Bayswater.

**EASTER ON THE CONTINENT, via Harwich and the Hook of**

Holland, leaving London every evening, and arriving at the chief Dutch cities early next  
morning. GERMANY.—Direct services via the Hook of Holland.

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For further information, apply to the Great Eastern Railway Company's American Rendezvous,  
2, Cockspur Street, S.W., or to the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

**LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.****EASTER HOLIDAYS.**

CHANNEL ISLANDS, HAVRE, ST. MALO, and CHERBOURG  
(via Southampton).

SPECIAL EASTERTIDE CHEAP TRIP. On April 7, 8, 9, and 11, cheap third class return  
tickets to GUERNSEY, JERSEY, and HAVRE, will be issued from Waterloo, Kensington  
(Addison Road), &c., by any ordinary Train. Return Fare, third class by rail and fore cabin by  
steamer, 24s. 6d. Similar tickets will be issued to ST. MALO on April 8 and 11, and to  
CHERBOURG on April 7 and 9.

**SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS.**

CHEAP THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS from London to PLYMOUTH, WADEBRIDGE,  
BODMIN, LAUNCESTON, HOLSWORTHY, ILFRACOMBE, BARNSTAPLE, BIDEFORD,  
EXETER, WEYMOUTH, DORCHESTER, BOURNEMOUTH, BATH, WELLS, RADSTOCK,  
SHEPTON MALLET, &c., will be issued by all trains on April 7 and subsequent days, up to and  
including April 11 (not to Somerset and Dorset Line Stations on April 8 or 10), available to  
return up to and including April 13.

EXCURSIONS will leave WATERLOO as under, calling at the principal stations, on Thursday,  
April 7.

At 8 a.m. for ANDOVER, SALISBURY, SHERBORNE, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, SALTERTON,  
OKEHAMPTON, &c.

At 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. for BRIDGWATER, WELLS, BURNHAM, RADSTOCK, BATH, &c.

At 8 a.m. and 8.5 p.m. for MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CHELTENHAM, &c.

At 9.15 a.m. for YEOVIL, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, BARNSTAPLE, LYNTON,  
ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD (for Clovelly), &c.

At 11.55 a.m. for SWANAGE, DORCHESTER, WEYMOUTH, PORTLAND, &c.

At 12.10 p.m. for WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON (West), LYNDHURST ROAD,  
BROCKENHURST (for New Forest), LYMINGTON, YARMOUTH (for Freshwater),  
CHRISTCHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, POOLE, &c.

At 1 p.m. for LAUNCESTON, WADEBRIDGE (for North Cornwall Coach), BODMIN,  
HOLSWORTHY (for Bude), &c.

The tickets issued by the above will be available to return by certain ordinary trains on  
April 14, 15, or 16.

SPECIAL EXTRA FAST TRAINS will leave Waterloo on Thursday, April 7, as follows—

At 1.45 p.m. and 2.5 p.m. EXPRESS for CHRISTCHURCH, BOSCOMBE, and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 3.0 p.m. for CAMELFORD, DELABOLE, WADEBRIDGE, and BODMIN.

At 4.40 p.m. for SOUTHAMPTON WEST, CHRISTCHURCH, and BOURNEMOUTH.

At 5.40 p.m. for SALISBURY, YEOVIL, EXETER, and WEST OF ENGLAND LINES.

At 5.40 and 5.50 p.m. for BARNSTAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, and other NORTH  
DEVON STATIONS; also to Stations on the SIDMOUTH and SALTERTON BRANCHES.

To the WEST OF ENGLAND, NORTH and SOUTH DEVON, and NORTH CORNWALL.

SPECIAL LATE TRAINS on THURSDAY, APRIL 7, will leave Waterloo at 10.35 p.m. for  
SALISBURY, YEOVIL, and EXETER, and intermediate stations, and at 12.15 MIDNIGHT for  
NORTH and SOUTH DEVON and NORTH CORNWALL.

For full particulars of the Excursions to Portsmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Bournemouth,  
the Isle of Wight, &c., on Good Friday; Four Days' trip to Southampton, Portsmouth, and the  
Isle of Wight on Saturday; Portsmouth on Easter Sunday, and to Seaton, Sidmouth, Salterton,  
Exmouth, Southampton, Salisbury, Bournemouth, &c., also Races at Kempton Park on Easter  
Monday, see bills and programmes, which can be obtained at any of the Company's Stations or  
London Receiving Houses, or from G. T. White, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

**THE COMING EASTER HOLIDAYS.—BEXHILL-ON-SEA, Close**

to Eastbourne and St. Leonards.

SACKVILLE HOTEL,

High-class house, with moderate charges and all modern improvements.

Herr Wurm's Viennese Band plays twice daily. For tariff apply to Manager.



## SMALL TALK.

The advance in the Soudan has occupied a prominent place on the bills for the last few days. Anything to supplement the "Position in China" is desirable. Tommy Atkins has to face rather a terror in the fighting Dervish, but he has had good luck lately.

The Ladies' Club at Cannes, already famous for the exclusiveness of its "set" and the splendour of its entertainments, surpassed all efforts of the "brief and bright season" by a club dinner and ball, given on Thursday, at which the Prince of Wales was present. The flowers were wonderful even for that part of the world, and it was said that not a lily was purchasable for any other house than the *Cercle Nautique* that day. Madame de Galliffet was the Prince of Wales's hostess, other guests at her table being the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby wearing white satin with velvet embroideries; Lady de Grey, also in white, with a turquoise velvet waistband fastened with large diamond clasps; the Duchess of Devonshire; Princess Fuerstenberg, whose jewels almost out-jewelled the rest; Mrs. George Keppel, wearing a cloudy dress of mousseline-de-soie powdered with fine steel embroidery. Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, Mrs. Hope Vere, and Countess Bonide Castellane were also of the party. Numbers of other dinner-givers were entertaining, too, in view of the cotillon to follow, which was one of the most brilliant sights of the Cannes season. One of the most uncommon gowns was worn by Mrs. Crutchley, garlands of small pink roses trailing at irregular intervals over a black silk muslin. Lady Naylor-Leyland in pale-green China crêpe was one of the most graceful figures in a room which held all the "rank and fashion" of the Riviera.

Lord Yarmouth, Lord Kilmarnock, and Mr. Alan Mackinnon acted in the performance of "A Marriage of Convenience" given at the Eden Theatre, Cannes, on Wednesday to aid the British Hospital of the town. One does not often see such finished acting among amateurs.

The great and general interest taken by the public in Mr. Gladstone's health, and in his wonderful physical and mental powers, which would be remarkable in one many years his junior, induces one to recall the age to which other political celebrities who have served the Queen as Prime Ministers have lived. Lord Melbourne, on whom fell the onerous but delightful task of "coaching" her Majesty in her Queenly duties, when she was a mere girl, failed to reach the "allotted span," and died when sixty-nine. Her second Prime Minister, the great Sir Robert Peel, whose succession to that post was not acceptable to the Queen, though he ere long earned her warm regard, was but sixty-two when his fatal accident overtook him.

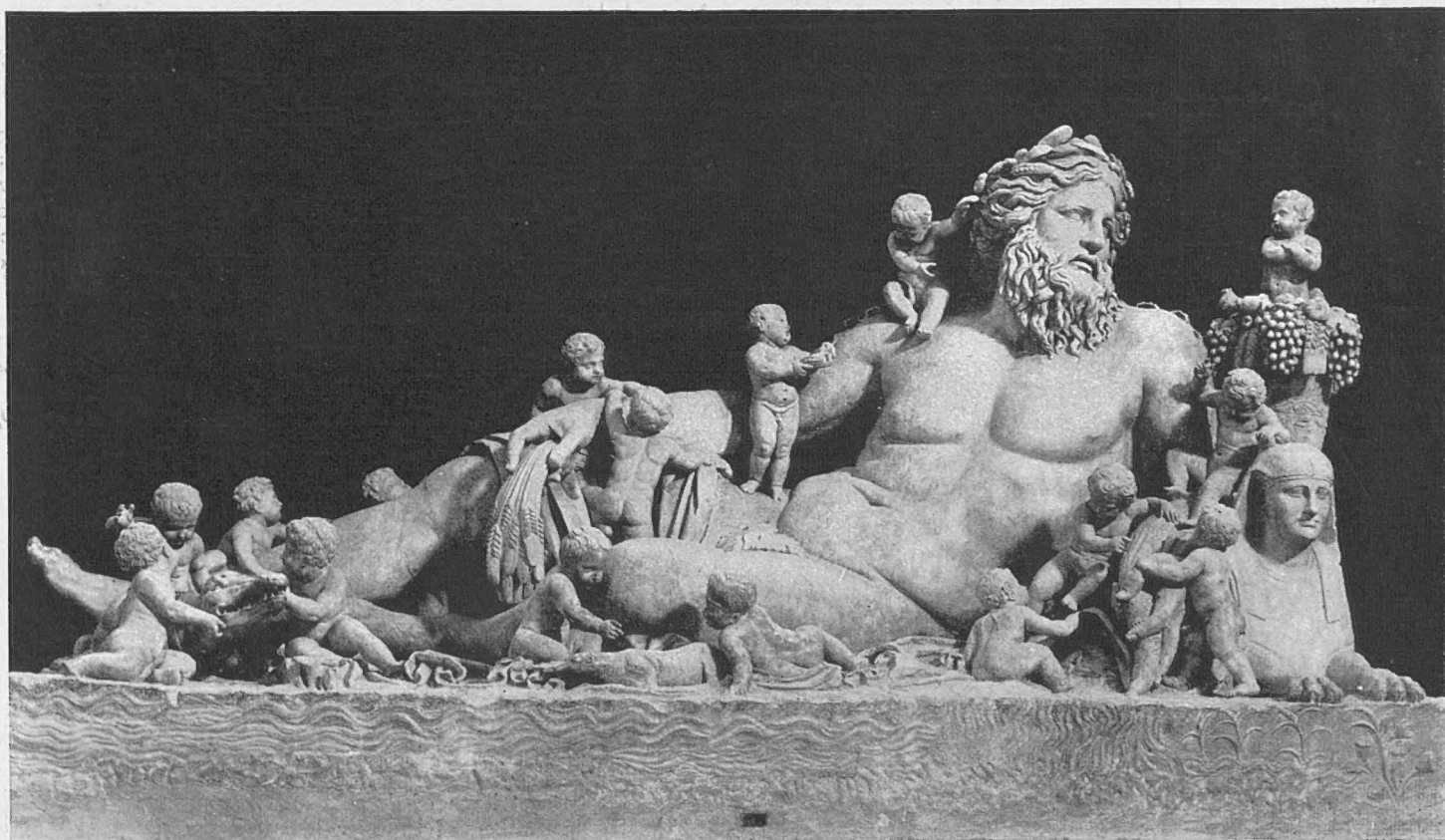
Lord Palmerston, a Premier most popular with the nation, but hardly so with the Queen and the Prince Consort, lived to the ripe age of eighty-one, while Lord John Russell did not go over to the majority till he was a patriarch of eighty-six. Lord Aberdeen, whose want of nerve is said to have landed us in the Crimean War, was seventy-six at the time of his death; and that, too, was the age of Lord Beaconsfield, a statesman for whom her Majesty's personal regard was probably only equalled by that she entertained for Lord Melbourne. Lord Derby, "the Rupert of Debate," attained his three-score-years-and-ten, and our present Prime Minister wants but two years of this age. The "Grand Old Man" heads the age list by several years. Despite his illness he is still very keen and interests himself in everything.

General Terzaghi, Aide-de-Camp and Master of the Household to the Prince of Naples, has just been dismissed without much ceremony for a careless mistake he made

some time ago. The Princess of Naples held a reception, and it was the General who was charged with sending out the invitations. In a moment of abstraction he sent one to Signora Criscuolo, a councillor's wife, who some years ago was a dancer at the San Carlo Theatre. When the Crown Princess found out who had been presented to her, and learned the lady's antecedents, she flew into a violent passion, refused to listen to any excuses from the unfortunate General, and insisted on his being immediately dismissed.



WHAT TOMMY ATKINS WANTS TO CONQUER—FIGHTING DERVISH.  
Photo sent by Captain G. E. Wilkinson, Inniskilling Fusiliers.



THE NILE AS CONCEIVED IN SCULPTURE IN THE VATICAN MUSEUM.



The Señoritas Inés and Eva Gálvez, daughters of the late Lieutenant José Gálvez, are two of the prettiest girls in Lima. If heredity goes for anything, they should also be brave, for their father displayed great gallantry during the war with Chile. On a pitch-dark night, the *Janequeo* and the *Guacaldo* suddenly found themselves close to a Peruvian steam-launch manned by a few soldiers with a mitrailleuse, and commanded by Lieutenant Gálvez, son of the Minister of War who was killed in the action with the Spanish Fleet. Closely chased by the Chilean boats, who failed in the management of their torpedoes, Lieutenant Gálvez threw a one-hundred-pound case of powder on the deck of the *Janequeo*, and exploded it by firing his revolver. She filled and sank. The boat of Gálvez sank also, and he was taken prisoner with his surviving men by the *Guacaldo*.

Mr. Yerburch, the Conservative member for Chester, has become conspicuous at Westminster as the organiser of a new section. He is a man of many hobbies. Rich, well-informed, ambitious, without being brilliant, he has led several crusades. It is recorded to his credit in "Dod" that he passed the Witnesses' Protection Bill. He has been partly instrumental in promoting the inquiry into money-lending, he has written pamphlets on agricultural banks, and he advocates national granaries for storage of corn to complete our system of home defence. Mr. Yerburch's latest achievement has been the organisation of a committee, within the Unionist Party—a committee loyal and respectable—to encourage or incite the Government to resist European aggression in the Far East. A committee of this sort meets in a room in the long upper corridor where Parliamentary counsel and others interested in private Bills are busy during the day. It sits with closed doors, and the members look very wise and mysterious, as if the fate of the Government lay in their hands, when prying journalists seek to learn their momentous decisions.

An outsider, unfamiliar with the secrets of Parliamentary life, might describe Mr. Yerburch as a dude. He is very dressy, and assists to set the fashion in clothes. But to regard him merely as a dandy would be a stupid mistake. Mr. Yerburch looks serious, and has had a good political apprenticeship. The son of the Vicar of Sleford, in Lincolnshire, and the husband of the only child of the wealthy Mr. Daniel Thwaites, of Billinge Sarr, Blackburn, and a barrister by profession, he has been private secretary to two Ministers, his second chief being the late Mr. W. H. Smith. Although forty-five years old, he might yet obtain office if he were anxious to settle down to an Under-Secretaryship. But, really, to be the "boss" of a section which holds mysterious meetings to strengthen or force the hands of a Government is a still more enviable position for a rich man. Mr. Yerburch's recreations are said to be hunting and country pursuits generally, and one can readily accept the report that he believes that "God made the country, man made the town." Besides his London residence, he has a house at Blackburn and another at Parton, N.B., and he is a member of numerous fashionable clubs.

In view of the partition of the Celestial Empire and the apparent readiness with which all requests are recognised, I have decided to formulate some claims "on my own," as Horace has it. By the next mail I am going to address a demand to the Celestial Government, a modest demand enough, but one to which I will take no refusal. I want

a monopoly to build theatres and run illustrated and other papers in all Treaty Ports, together with the assistance needed to bring about the completion of the work. I want an Imperial edict compelling all people to go to the theatre at least once a week, and to read the papers when written. Moreover, all advertisements of the various departments in the State must be inserted in the papers run by me at full scale rates. This monopoly must last for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. I also require a collection of yellow jackets and peacock's feathers, and a tribute of valuable furs from the districts that are ransacked at the present day on behalf of Li Chung Tang. I wish to be made handicapper to the Celestial Empire in the event of the European occupation resulting in the establishment of horse-racing as a pastime, and the right to bar all bookmakers who in past years have taken my tribute towards their expenses in the Old Country.

I also require a shooting-box, properly equipped, in a healthy and well-preserved district, for the use of self and friends. There are other

matters that I shall call upon the Celestials to settle for my benefit, but they will wait until the batch of requests has been received and considered with the respect it deserves. I have the consolation of knowing that, among all the demands submitted to the Imperial consideration, mine have been the least troublesome, and will probably be conceded with the best grace. My diplomacy is instanced by the fact that none of my demands will offend the Powers. Russia is not interested in horse-racing, neither is Germany—at any rate, not to a large extent; France cannot exercise any control over her own Press, and will be only too pleased to find that no Frenchman can start papers on the premises.

Apropos of my list of the age of reference-books, a distinguished antiquary writes: "The *Aberdeen Almanac* can give points to 'Debrett.' The first issue was in 1623, and it is still healthy."

"Nothing could be more curious than the contrast between the wild aspect of the first pages of our penny dreadfuls and the calm demeanour of the people who are seen reading them." It is

the *New York Nation* that writes thus, so that you see the term "penny dreadful" has passed into America as a generic name for the cheap and nasty.

In the very same number, however, the *Nation* refers to "Burke's Peerage" as "one of the most remarkable monuments ever constructed for the gratification of human vanity." On the other hand, the "Illustrated Magazine" issued by the *New York Times* three days later (March 6) devoted a whole page of genealogical table to the descendants of John Jacob Astor, "including the families of Bristed, Ward, Chanler, Cavy, de Stuers, Delano, Van Alen, Roosevelt, Drayton, Wilson, Langdon, Rumpff, Borell, Wilks, Kane, Carrol, de Notbeck, and Jay"! And this list is the first of a series. Imagine any London Sunday paper giving up a page to pedigree! As a matter of fact, Burke-ism is far more in the blood of the rank-and-file Yank than with us. In another part of the same issue the *Times* declares that "pedigree-hunting is the fad of the hour."

The current issue of *Eureka* makes a professional tattooist declare that many members of "the English aristocracy" (including ladies) are tattooed. He uses several colours, is perfecting an electrical machine to perform the operation, and is writing a history of tattooing.



THE SEÑORITAS INÉS AND EVA GÁLVEZ.

Photo by Courtnetty, Lima.



The Great Western Railway people evidently did not anticipate the storm of opposition their proposed extension would provoke, for the Henley-Marlow Railway plans have been materially altered to spare the beauties of the Henley reach. The Corporation of Henley have resolved to support the modified scheme, but in winning over their old opponents the railway company have naturally made a new set of foes. The Bucks County Council and the Leander Club are among the most influential bodies to protest against the new plans. The former object to the railway bridge it is proposed to throw across the river near Marlow Lock as a blot upon the landscape, and have also many other objections of a practical nature to urge. The Leander Club assert that the projected railway works would cause an increase of floods in the Thames Valley. If this is a likely result, the Leander Club have advanced the strongest argument yet urged against the new railway in any shape, floods in the Thames Valley being by no means infrequent or insignificant in their effects.

Several packs of hounds finished their season last week, and many more have announced their final meets for this. Want of rain in most cases explains the early end of hunting; it has not been a brilliant season anywhere, and below the average in the majority of countries. A friend, writing from Weedon, one of the best hunting centres in England, says: "If, with the greatest possible luck, you had dropped in for all the good runs scored by packs meeting within a radius of fourteen miles round, you would have seen just nineteen runs worth remembering since the beginning of the season. The ordinary mortal has come in for about six." My correspondent is a six-days-a-week man, and does not shirk long rides to covert, so I conclude he is the ordinary mortal typified. He sends me a sketch entitled "The End of an Open Season," showing a procession of hunters in every stage of dilapidation; it has undoubtedly been a cruelly hard season on the horses.

So far as James II. is concerned, it is literally true that men's evil manners live in brass. Ireland knows that to its cost, for James II. made £6495 worth of metal—pewter, lead, brass, anything in fact—pass muster for £2,163,237. And two centuries after this nefarious counterfeiting the



COINS FOUND AT CURRICLOUGH, NEAR BANDON.

old rubbish comes up. The other day a farmer in the townlet of Curriclough, near Bandon, was levelling a fence near his house, when he found, about a foot from the surface of the ground, a heap of coins concealed in the centre of the fence. There were twenty-seven coins found—twenty large coins, the size of a half-crown, five the size of a halfpenny, and two the size of a shilling, and they all bear on the obverse side the head and side-face of King James II., with a laurel wreath and the inscription "Jacobus II. Dei Gratia," while the reverse has a crown and the initials "J. R." and the inscription "Rex Mag. Br., Fra., et Hib.," with the dates of issue, extending from January 1689 to May 1690. James sent all the pans, bells, knockers of doors, and disused cannons he could lay his hands on to the Mint in Dublin, to be coined into money. A royal proclamation declared that these counters were legal money, that all debts and mortgages could be paid by them, and threatened the severest penalties against all who would not accept them. Creditors who appealed to the Court of Chancery could get no redress, but if they refused to receive the coins they were imprisoned, and if they persisted in their refusal, they were threatened with death.

Five hundred cabs in Paris have been provided with the new Marx indicators to regulate the fare according to the time of the drive. These indicators are something like large cyclometers, and are fixed on to the back of the coachman's box, so that the occupant of the cab can see them. When you get into the cab the driver sets the instrument going, and when you get out you can tell to a penny what your fare should be. For the first two minutes you pay 60 centimes, for four minutes 70 centimes, for six minutes 80 centimes, for nine minutes 90 centimes, and so on. As may be imagined, the new cabs are in constant demand, for not only their novelty amuses Parisians, but also many people will gladly pay 60 centimes to save them a short walk who would not think it worth while spending 1 fr. 50, the ordinary fare. I wonder that these indicators have not yet reached London. One sees them on almost every cab in Berlin, and they are constantly in demand. They go so much faster than the others, as the cabby is always in a hurry to get back to his stand again, where he knows that he will be certain to pick up another fare directly.

The angling enthusiasts of Cockayne, as Mr. James Fawn clearly saw when he sketched them, are very grotesque people to the outsider.

To see them make their way to Waterloo Station with that wonderful box of condiments and enticements, to watch them all day on such a stream as the Lea—all this is very funny. But the anglers take themselves very seriously, and enjoy their little bit of "sport."



AT ST. MARGARET'S—GETTING READY TO START.

Photo by Wastell, South Woodford.

Charity was the object of the big Roman Catholic Bazaar which was opened on Thursday at Queen's Gate Hall by the Princess Ludmille de Wrède, who came specially from Paris for that purpose. The funds will be devoted to provide a refuge-home for women and girls of all creeds, which will be under the care of the Dominican nuns at Portobello Road, Notting Hill Gate, a district which, it may be added *en parenthèse*, greatly needs an institution of the kind. On Friday the Countess of Cottenham performed the opening ceremony, the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle following on the 26th. Besides the many well-known personages presiding at the different stalls, a sprinkling of popular actresses pleasantly occupied in signing and selling their own photographs gave a much-appreciated variety to the entertainment, Miss Gertrude Kingston being "discovered" at the fancy-stall, Miss Ellen Terry contriving the sale of birds at another, Miss Julia Neilson among the refreshments, and Miss Fay Davis most persuasive with the bonbons. The Red Viennese Band added to the gaiety of nations, and, judging from a very satisfactory attendance, the object of so much charitable effort should be greatly benefited thereby.

In the course of a paper read last month at the United Service Institution by Admiral Bosanquet, it was stated that about 40,000 boys annually apply for admission to the Royal Navy, which takes only about 5000, so that there are about 35,000 disappointed aspirants every year for a life on the ocean wave. The Mercantile Marine will not have boys, except such as can pay premiums. The number of British lads under twenty in the Mercantile Marine was 1452 last year, as compared with 4735 in 1896 and 7009 in 1891, and there is no reason to suppose that this process of dwindling is not still going on. It means the extinction of the British seaman, so far as the Mercantile Marine is concerned. That is a very serious outlook. Meanwhile, these thousands of boys



AT WARE.

Photo by Wastell, South Woodford.

rejected for the Navy remain ashore and help to swell the ranks of the unemployed. Small wonder that the Charity Organisation Society, at whose request the gallant Admiral's paper was read, should interest itself in the problem of how to induce British shipowners to train boys.



I have not a very high opinion of County Dinners as social institutions. People who gather together in London on the strength of coming from one particular county are liable to find themselves in uncongenial surroundings; they, probably, have not met one another at any other

time in the year than at this particular annual dinner, and the atmosphere in consequence is liable in many cases to be somewhat frosty. There are, necessarily, not the affinities of taste which bring people together for ordinary dining purposes, as at the numerous dining clubs or at private dinner-parties. That, I must frankly confess, was my experience of the first and second dinners of the East Anglian Society. I found that I did not know anyone, and I was bored to death. The third annual banquet, however, which was held on March 19, in the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant, with the Earl of Kimberley in the chair, was anything but a "frost." The

enterprise of Mr. Arthur Spurgeon, the vice-chairman, who is also the director of the National Press Agency, had secured a galaxy of oratorical talent which made a dull moment impossible to the most exigent of diners. Lord Kimberley himself spoke with remarkable charm and effect, and boasted with admirable good taste of a long line of Norfolk ancestry—the Wodehouses, who fought at Agincourt. For four hundred years, he informed us, the Barons of Kimberley have inherited from father to son, without a break. Mr. Augustine Birrell spoke with his usual epigrammatic force and incisive wit. Sir W. Brampton Gurdon, who referred to Mr. Birrell as the best after-dinner speaker in England, himself demonstrated that Mr. Birrell had a formidable rival, for his speech was full of good stories admirably told. One after another speaker, in fact, told good stories and made themselves entertaining, and both Mr. Arthur Spurgeon and Mr. Charles Fenton, the Secretary of the East Anglian Society, may be congratulated upon having provided a most pleasant entertainment.

The London Lincolnshire Society, another county organisation, gave a pleasant entertainment at the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, on Wednesday, under the presidency of Mr. C. H. Seely, M.P. The London Lincolnshire Society has many aspects of work other than that of dining and of general sociability; it has a Benevolent Fund, which would seem to be very energetically supported by natives of Lincolnshire in London. As you will note from the reproduction of their programme, Lincoln boasts of Tennyson, Newton, the Wesleys, and Stanhope among its distinguished natives.

Was Julius Cæsar an Irishman? This question is propounded by a fair correspondent from Maida Hill. The temptation to the joke was

perhaps great, and it seems almost ungallant to point out the charmingly feminine impatience of logic which rendered yielding all too easy. Up to a certain point Mademoiselle's (or is it Madame's?) critical faculty is infallible; but then—! To be explicit, my correspondent has seen in an advertisement of the "Julius Cæsar" souvenir the extraordinary announcement that "it is unique among other similar mementoes." This precious confusion she aptly sets against another already noted in these columns—to wit, the coin dated "B.C. 48" on the "Julius Cæsar" posters. The date, by the way, had

doubtless been ascertained by the Romans on the principle known to the boy who said that turnips should always be sown *three days before a gentle rain*. Now, granted that the Dictator, or his shade, is responsible for poster, advertisement, or both, the question of his Milesian origin is

undeniably fair. Until that responsibility is proved, however, the counsel of wisdom must be suspended judgment. Once proof is forthcoming, my correspondent may search for Hibernian traits in Cæsar's countenance. Meantime strict watch should be kept for any further bulls from "Her Majesty's."

The following letter from Sir George Lewis, the famous solicitor, appeared in the *Star* last week—

Ely Place, March 21, 1898.

SIR,—I observe in this evening's *Star* that your correspondent at Monte Carlo reports an interview with Mr. Samuel Lewis, in which he states that my evidence before the Committee on money-lending is false. This is an impertinence to which I will not submit. I am prepared to meet—in fact, I should welcome—an action in a court of law, in which I can plead the truth of every statement I have made before the Committee. I challenge Mr. Samuel Lewis to bring an action against me, and I undertake not to plead my privilege as a witness, but to meet him "in the open." Mr. Samuel Lewis more than thirty years ago began his career in Dublin by selling little bits of jewellery to officers stationed in the barracks there. He carried his shop in his pockets. He has lived for many years in Grosvenor Square surrounded by every luxury, and I assert that the fortune which has enabled him to live in this splendour has been wrung out of his customers by the shocking trade of usury. I repeat (as I told the Committee) that when he honoured London with his presence thirty years ago he commenced his career by discounting bills for youths and undergraduates at 60 per cent., part cash, part pieces of jewellery. I feel strongly upon this subject of usury, because for years I have been the witness of evils attendant upon it, and I hope the time is not far distant when legislation will terminate this loathsome trade of usury carried on by Mr. Samuel Lewis and other London West End usurers.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE H. LEWIS.

The churches were strongly represented at the Mansion House meeting to promote the celebration of the one thousandth anniversary of King Alfred's death. It was, however, as a historian that Bishop Creighton spoke, while the Archbishop of Canterbury played a secondary rôle as a Churchman, and Dr. Clifford gave the commemoration the approval of a representative Nonconformist. The Chief Rabbi seemed anxious to prove the interest of the Jewish community in English history. He mentioned that both his eldest son and his son-in-law were named Alfred. The Anglican Bishops were amused by his frequent allusions to the Old Testament, as when, for instance, he compared King Alfred to Joshua "who led the hosts of Israel." A champion of the Puritans who had been falsely accused of disturbing the great King's remains appeared in the person of Mr. Louis Dyer, the representative of some American societies. The most eloquent speech, however, was that delivered by Mr. Bryce, who always appears to more advantage when dealing with

"the storied Past" than when joining in ephemeral controversies at Westminster. As Mr. Bryce said, King Alfred was the first figure in our history who was to us a real, living, human figure. It was suggested that the anniversary should be commemorated somehow in London, and Lord Wantage put in a word for Alfred's birthplace—Wantage, in Berkshire—but the meeting decided only that the commemoration should include a memorial to the King in "his royal city of Winchester," where Alfred did much of his work, and where he died and was buried.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, having recently to submit to an operation, determined to dispense with chloroform, and yielded only to the insistence of three surgeons. Which being imputed to her by certain persons as heroism, the public has had a fresh chance to measure heroism, that is to say, the extravagant or unusual, once accounted a virtue, against the sort of conduct to-day accounted ideal. This classic-heroic in the face of three doctors looked to most people foolish; it needs to excuse it a stage background and the preamble "Once upon a time," or else to be seen in the belated development of some *Cour des Miracles*, where it looks merely sad. The illustrious patient resigned herself, the world being democratic, to be carved comfortably on the hospital table, like any common mortal.

This incident is merely illustrative; but there has been an admirable suite to it. There has been the spectacle of this indomitable woman, scarcely out of her hospital swathings, launching, doctors and nurses in her train, into a new enterprise, the most ambitious one of her ambitious life. This sort of conduct to-day's world knows how to admire. Madame Bernhardt is preparing to personate in a new play of "Faust" the character of—No, and No again!—the character of Mephistopheles!

To seize the full meaning of this at a glance, run the memory back. Once upon a time the men played the women's part as well as their own. Then the women played the wronged Margarets, conceded as a natural rôle, and have since played the tempted Fausts. These were but preliminary measurings of space, for mark the event. To-day the power that moves these puppets, no longer in the second plan, usurps the stage, and a feminine incarnation plays its subtleties on the feeble creature that the masculine world in a hasty moment set up as its feminine ideal. This business may stupefy; it affords not the smallest place to wedge in a remark. For nothing can be added to the perfection of a circle, and the dragon here has too evidently his own tail in his mouth.

London Society of  
East Anglians.

Third Annual : : :  
**Banquet**

King's Hall, : : : Saturday, : : :  
Holborn Restaurant, March 19th, 1898.

Chairman:  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Kimberley, G.C.  
President, 1897/8

Vice-Chairman:  
Mr. Arthur Spurgeon,  
Chairman of Committee

"Once more the subject is welcome on you" "Welcome all!"

London Lincolnshire Society.

President:  
C. H. SEELY, Esq., M.P.

**Conversazione**  
AT THE  
ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS  
IN WATER COLOURS.  
PICCADILLY.

WEDNESDAY, 23rd MARCH, 1898,  
At Eight o'Clock.

The Thirtieth Annual Dinner will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 11th May, 1898.

The Millennium of King Alfred the Great  
The Lord Mayor  
requests the honour of the company of  
Mr. Clement Shorter  
at a Meeting on Friday, March 18th  
at four o'clock, to consider proposals for a  
National Commemoration of King Alfred in 1901  
Mansion House London



EAST ANGLIANS, EAST SAXONS, AND CELTS AT DINNER.

*Photographs by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.*



THE MEN OF EAST ANGLIA AND ESSEX AT THE HOLBORN RESTAURANT, THE EARL OF KIMBERLEY IN THE CHAIR.



THEY DARED TO SPEAK OF '08 AT THE HOTEL CECIL ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, MR. JOHN DILLON, M.P., IN THE CHAIR.



The accident illustrated here occurred near Marlborough, Massachusetts, on Feb. 3. As is shown by the opposite directions in which the two engines were moving at the time, it was the result of a head-on collision, which happened during a snowstorm of great severity. A passenger-train running at full speed ran into a freight-train also going very fast. The freight-engine, which had six coupled driving-wheels (speed having been sacrificed to great adhesive force and tractive power), being the heavier and slower of the two, felt less the force of the blow and remained on the rails, while the other came to a final rest on its back. No one was killed in the accident.

Mr. George Duncan, who sails for Sydney this week to aid in training the 1st Australian Volunteer Horse, the title of the regiment which the Colonial authorities have resolved on raising, has been the subject of a signal military honour. The Australian Government applied to the War Office for five specially qualified non-coms., and from a large number of applicants Mr. Duncan has been the only warrant-officer selected, and will carry his rank as Regimental Sergeant-Major of the Royal Scots Greys with him to his new appointment. A native of Haddingtonshire, Mr. Duncan has been sixteen years in the Greys, and has been a non-commissioned officer during the greater part of that time. He accompanied Colonel Welby, M.P., and the other officers of the Scots Greys forming the deputation to Moscow to offer congratulations to the Czar on his appointment by the Queen Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment.

The Royal Warwickshire, the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), and the Lancashire Fusiliers are the regiments selected to become four-battalion corps. The selection of the first-named clearly disproves Mr. Arnold-Forster's statement recently referred to in these columns. All three regiments have long and glorious histories. The Warwickshire was raised as a "Holland Regiment" in 1673, and came to England with William of Orange in 1688, becoming a "Warwick" regiment nearly a hundred years later. Besides its services in the Netherlands, Scotland, and Ireland, the "Saucy Sixth" has won "honours" in the Peninsula, in North America, and South Africa.

The Royal Fusiliers is our oldest Fusilier regiment, dating from the Monmouth Rebellion. Its record includes "Martinique," most of the Peninsular battles, the Crimea, and Afghanistan, besides much earlier service. The Lancashire Fusiliers were raised in 1688, and later on became the 20th Foot, receiving the designation of "East Devon" in 1782, and their present title in 1881. Like the Warwicks and Royal Fusiliers, the "honours" show only a small part of the regiment's services, though they begin with "Dettingen" and end with "Lucknow." The old 20th is one of the six "unsurpassable" Minden regiments. All three regiments were two-battalion corps long before 1881, so that when territorialised there was no coupling of battalions with distinctive histories and peculiar traditions, as in so many cases.

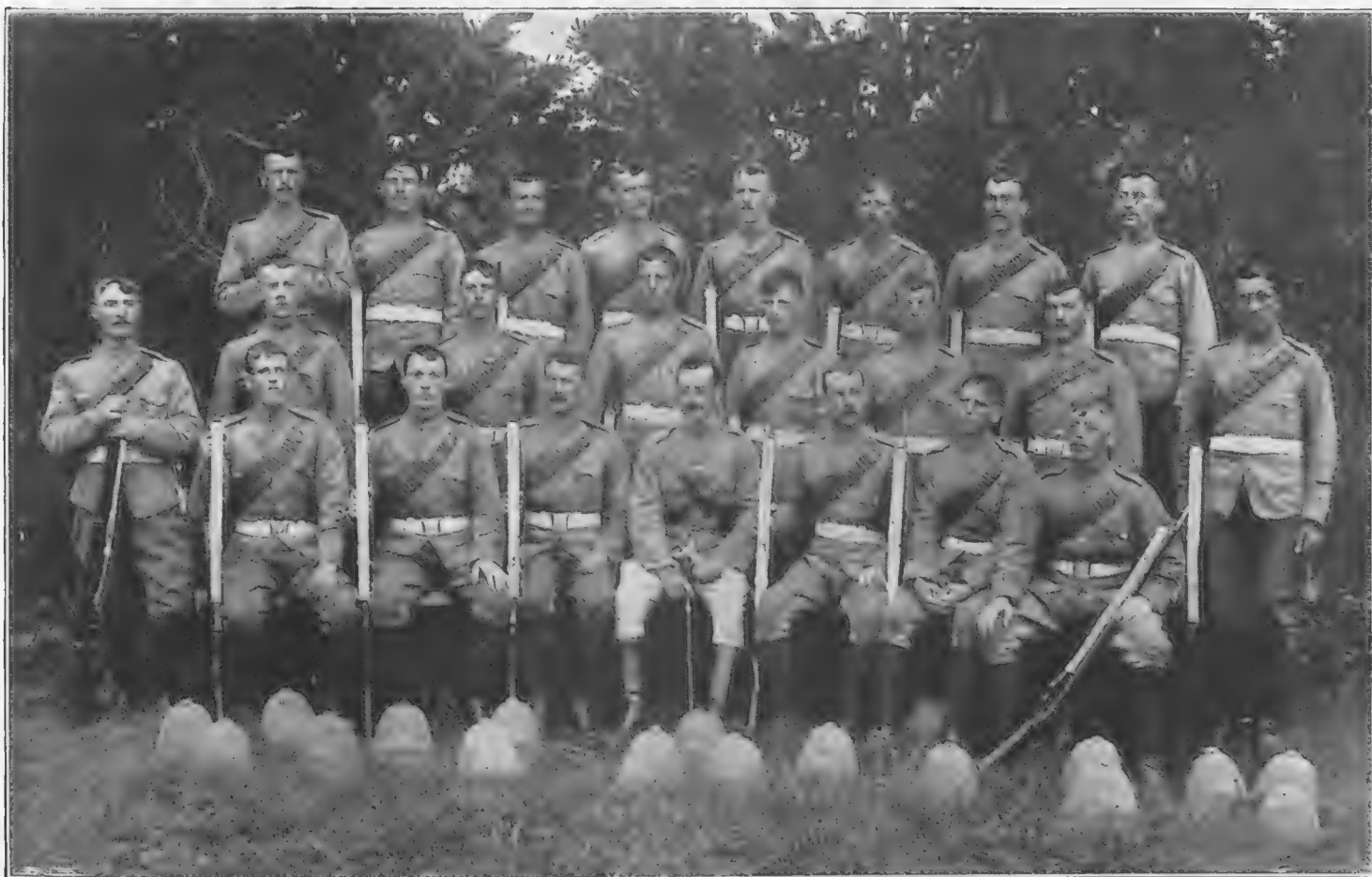


LOCOMOTIVES AFTER A COLLISION NEAR MARLBOROUGH, MASSACHUSETTS.

The photograph of the mounted infantry of the 1st Middlesex Regiment, now serving in South Africa (under orders for India), is a typical example of the men who are always ready to do service for their country, and on whom England can always rely. A special feature in connection with this company is that they took the horses as they arrived direct from South America, and commenced training them at once. The horses being untrained necessitated much attention and patience on the part of officers and men. How well they succeeded can be seen by anyone who may care to take a ride with the

company out on the veldt of a morning. Great credit is due to Captain Oliver for his skilful handling of several unruly ponies.

The "Die-Hards" are the first Imperial troops to occupy the military reserve in King William's Town for a period of nineteen years. The men have made many friends among the townspeople, yet the majority will welcome the move to India, where headquarters will be at Wellington, and detachments at Cananore, Calicut, and Malaporum. The battalion on arrival in India will be reinforced by 450 men from the 2nd Battalion, and the 1st Middlesex Regiment will then be a strong, serviceable corps of about a thousand men, whose average service will be considerably over four years. I am indebted to Private Collins, M.S.C., for the photograph.



THESE GALLANT TOMMIES ARE KNOWN AS THE "DIE-HARDS." IN PLAIN PROSE THEY ARE ONLY THE 1ST MIDDLESEX.



I am delighted with the revival of "The Gondoliers," because it once more brings Mr. Gilbert before us in this the twenty-first year of his work as the unique librettist. Let me set my congratulations to a canter in Mr. Gilbert's own fashion—

In enterprise of playhouse kind  
That's tuneful, bright, and dancey,  
There's only one, we've failed to find  
A match to Gilbert's fancy.  
Some tell us that his wit is poor,  
But yet he's in the fore, O—  
That operatic, acrobatic, idiomatic  
Troubadour  
Who gave us Plaza-Toro!

'Tis true that Mr. D'Oyly Carte  
Resolved to try some others,  
And turned to Offenbachian art  
(Which used to please our mothers).  
*La Grande Duchesse* of Gerolstein  
Was trimmed in book and score, O!  
The overrated, antiquated, out-of-dated  
Libertine  
Made way for Plaza-Toro.

And elsewhere have we tried burlesque,  
With low comedians gagging;  
And sandwiched in the dance grotesque  
Whene'er their wit was dragging.  
And then we tried the "music-play"  
Its "plot" could only bore, O!—  
The poor, benighted, satellited ladies tighted  
Rushed away  
At sight of Plaza-Toro.

Long life to him and all his court,  
From Buttercup to Koko!  
Let music-halls enjoy the sport  
Of costers and their moke, O!  
Let Christy Minstrels work the Coon.  
For me, as heretofore, O!  
The quaint-as-Terry, Ashby Sterry, very merry  
Rigadoon  
We find in Plaza-Toro.

"What's in a name?" says the *Empire*. Recently John Damm, a native of West Virginia, was married at a distance from home, and received this telegram from the old folk: "Accept congratulations from the whole Damm family."

The steamer *Bathori*, pictured recently in these pages, has been floated by the Glasgow Salvage Association, and beached near Stranraer, after being battered by the winter waves for more than three months.



MISS SYLVIA M. SHERIDAN.  
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

Miss Sylvia M. Sheridan, of Dublin, has just been awarded the first prize for the prettiest girl in Ireland between the ages of four and ten. Were she a little older, I would toast her in the immortal words of her namesake—"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen!"



MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE AS DAVID PEW IN "ADMIRAL GUINEA."  
Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

Better late than never; so herewith I reproduce the capital picture of Mr. Valentine as David Pew in "Admiral Guinea." He is sitting in the Admiral Benbow Inn, gloating over his slave-dealing days in the song—  
We carried away the royal yard, and the stunsail boom was gone;  
Says the skipper, "They may go or stand, I'm damned if I don't crack on;  
So the weather braces we'll round in, and the trysail set also,  
And we'll keep the brig three p'int's away,  
For it's time for us to go."

### AN OLD TERRACED GARDEN.

In the great days of Elizabeth, when the destruction of the Spanish Armada was freshly recorded on the pages of history, one John Hamilton, a cadet of the Scottish ducal family of that name, was building for himself a house and a garden. The site was an admirable one for Scottish pertinacity. On the left side of the romantic River Avon, and not far from the spot where its waters mingle with those of the Clyde, was a bold, rocky bank, rising some two hundred feet from the water's edge—altogether an unlikely site for a mansion and a garden. But this bank, of which the early name of Baron's Cleugh survives in the present-day appellation of Barncluith, appealed to the imagination of John Hamilton; he saw there the solid foundation of a home and the materials out of which one of those formal Dutch gardens just coming into fashion could be evolved. And so the house was built and the garden planned. Barncluith House need not detain the visitor for long, but Barncluith garden will feast the eye through the longest summer day. Sir Walter Scott knew it and wrote—

Nothing can be more romantic than the scene around; the river sweeps over a dark, rugged bed of stone, overhung with trees and bushes; the ruins of the original castle of the noble family of Hamilton frown over the precipice; the oaks which crown the banks beyond those grey towers are relics of the ancient Caledonian forest, and at least a thousand years old. It might be thought that the house and garden of Barncluith, with its walks of velvet turf and its verdant alleys of yew and holly, would seem incongruous among natural scenes as magnificent as those we have described. But the effect generally produced is exactly the contrary. The place is so small that its decorations, while they form from their antique appearance a singular foreground, cannot compete with, far less subdue, the solemn grandeur of the view which you look down upon, and thus give the spectator the idea of a hermitage constructed in the midst of the wilderness.

The neighbouring town of Hamilton and the surrounding district generally have changed out of recognition since Sir Walter penned that eulogy of Barncluith. Modern ugliness—the ugliness of mining industries and the ugliness of a too utilitarian architecture—has touched everything with its blight. But the subtle charm of the old terraced garden of Barncluith remains; its three hundred years have stored its dreamy avenues with memories of the romantic past, and leave no space for the crowding interests of this prosaic present. A garden, wrote Lord Bacon, "is the greatest refreshment of the spirits of men," and many will be glad to learn that Lord Ruthven is nobly generous in sharing with less favoured mortals the comforting ministry of Barncluith.

AN IDEAL GARDEN.

*Photographs by H. C. Shelley.*



## THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

Photographs by Mrs. Herbert Vivian.

The old Christian cemetery at Tunis is one of the strangest sights in that strange town. Just off a busy thoroughfare, under an ancient archway, is a heavy wooden gate, much worn by the lapse of time, thickly studded with fantastic nails, and provided with a prodigious knocker. The latter, however, is not needed, for the gate yields to an



GRAVE OF THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME," AT TUNIS.

energetic push, and you find yourself in a large, walled enclosure, half garden, half graveyard, where an Italian woman is hanging out clothes among the gaunt white tombs. It is twelve years since anyone was buried here, and the place is beginning to look neglected. The modern cemetery is now outside the walls, and its guardian told me that many people came to him to inquire for the monument of "an American poet" or "an American consul," and he had to send them to the old graveyard. The monument in question is that of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and it bears the following inscriptions upon its sides—

In memory of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." Born June 9, 1791; died April 9, 1852. Erected A.D. 1855.

American Arms = eagle surmounted by motto "E pluribus unum." Died at the American Consulate in Tunis. Aged 60 years and 10 months.

In the tomb beneath this stone the Poet's remains lay buried for thirty years. On January 5, 1883, they were disinterred and taken away to his native land, where they received honour and final burial in the city of Washington June 9, 1883. "Then be content, poor heart."

Sure when thy gentle spirit fled  
To realms beyond the azure dome,  
With arms outstretched God's angel said,  
"Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Home."

There is a certain appropriateness about the fact that the author of the exile's most pathetic anthem should have died so many thousand miles away from home. There are other graves in the cemetery, some of them with quaint inscriptions. James Dodge, an American Chargé d'Affaires, who died at Tunis in 1806, has this piece of doggerel on his slab—

A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.



WHERE THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME" IS BURIED.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

What is a "Knight of the Order of the Oak Crown"? I never heard of the Order till I saw this designation proudly placed under his name by Mr. Henry Attwell on the title-page of his "Pansies from French Gardens" (G. Allen). It must be a fine thing to belong to it. It sounds romantically Jacobite. But it is enough for me that this particular knight has good taste in French literature, and knows his Pascal and his La Bruyère by heart. That should be a saving grace in the eyes of any respectable reader, were he a knight ten times over of some Cromwellian or Georgian brand. From Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, and Vauvenargues he has culled a very happy selection of "Thoughts," and put them into excellent English. Those from Vauvenargues will, at least, be new to the majority of readers, in spite of a hundred and fifty years' celebrity. Of course, he does not do full justice to La Bruyère as a thinker, following the fashion of calling him sagacious rather than profound—perhaps merely because he is French, but of his artistic gifts he is more than usually appreciative. The "Pansies" is a very pretty book to possess, and a delightful one to dip your mind into now and again.

The love-story of Catullus, under the conventional title of "The Lesbia of Catullus," is offered by Mr. J. H. A. Tremenheere, of the Indian Civil Service (Fisher Unwin). Mr. Tremenheere has extracted and translated from the poet those passages which bear on his melancholy passion for Clodia (the wife of Metellus Celer), whom he immortalised as Lesbia. Thus arrayed, the "Lesbia" becomes a fascinating human document, as readable as any love-story of our own time. Mr. Tremenheere has a keen ear and a sense of form, and his translations are never pedantic. For instance, take the stanza written by Catullus when Clodia proved unfaithful—

I love and hate—Can hate and love be blent?  
I know not, I.  
I feel them, and as from a cross am rent  
In agony.

As a whole, Mr. Tremenheere has produced an excellent little book.

In "Spikenard" (Richards) we have Mr. Laurence Housman's verse at its best. True, there were little tags of rhyme used as chapter headings in his inimitable "Gods and their Makers" that had infinitely more charm and suggestiveness; but, as they were left in the rough, perhaps they should not count. "Spikenard" is a kind of "Christian Year" in an archaic form, containing some exceedingly good imitations of George Herbert, and much evident devotion. It reveals a dutiful rather than an enthusiastic spirit; it is chilly and sincere, and very interesting in craftsmanship. Religious readers will find it out for themselves, and cherish or reject it. It demands a merely literary motive as well for its unusually successful revival of old forms. Perhaps its success will be mainly literary. Mr. Housman has not the tenderness of Herbert, and his Protestant blood is a hindrance to the warmth necessary for this kind of spiritual exercise to stir us.

Mr. S. J. Adair FitzGerald has not composed a tune of much consequence with "Fame! The Fiddler" (Lawrence Greening and Co.). He claims in his sub-title that it is "A Story without a Plot: being a Realistic Account of Some Things that Happen." The first assertion is true beyond cavil; the realism is entirely a matter of definition. If it means reflections that are obvious in meaning and commonplace in expression, and incidents that might be drawn from the inner consciousness or the evening papers, then it is a realistic story. It centres round one Concannon Pryor, "journalist, poet, playwright, freelance, anything, everything, in the scribbling line." His friend Jason Oberthwaite is "one of those brilliant beings who shine a bit in many ways." So are most of his other friends. We have to take their brilliance on trust, not in dialogue. Pryor is doomed to haunt the back-stairs of Bohemia until the next last chapter, when he has a play produced at the "fashionable Vanity Fair Theatre, one of the best-built and arranged in the Metropolis, and always noted for its high-class pieces." "The President of the Royal Academy, with a whole posse of R.A.'s, was in the stalls; several foreign consuls, judges, barristers, counsel, and eminent lawyers, men of letters, dramatists and actors, together with all the chief critics of the morning papers, as well as all the leaders of society and the *élite* of the wealthy and fashionable world, were present." If the story is indeed a picture of the Bloomsbury Quartier Latin, then here we have another of those things they do better in France.

Charles L'Epine has made a well-written story out of difficult material in "The Devil in a Domino" (Lawrence Greening and Co.). Aleck Severn is the Devil, because he is a hereditary homicidal maniac; his domino is the disguise of the natural appearance, attire, and accomplishments of a gentleman. The psychology of this type of being can never be very satisfactory; perhaps it can never be really reconciled with art at all. The author may answer that treatment is everything, and his little book is a great argument on his side. Probably the untraced East-End murders suggested the study, but, without an admirable literary style, natural and concise construction, he would not succeed as he does in compelling the reader's attention through every line. The book may be got through within three hours. One may hope to welcome the author again, working on a larger scene with more promising human material.

o. o.



## SHEEP-DOGS.

The theory entertained by many good authorities that the original domestic dog was a sheep-dog is at least plausible; but the shepherd's ally in early times must have been a very different animal from the

after a rising fish; but that must be accounted a pure accident for which he made the fullest amends. The highest price of which I find record was that paid by another American fancier, Mr. Mitchell Harrison, who gave £700 cash and two dogs valued at £150 each for Mr. T. H. Stretch's Christopher. The name "Collie" is a curious example of the change in meaning undergone by words: Mr. Rawdon Lee traces it to the Anglo-

Saxon *Col*=black, whence the Scottish black-faced and black-legged sheep were called "Collies"; the sheep-dog thus was known as the "Collie-dog," and, "dog" being dropped, what upon a time was a sheep became a dog!

What the Collie has been in Scotland and the North, the Old English Bobtail has been in the southern counties of England. A totally distinct breed, his wonderful intelligence affords additional proof of the influence of hereditary occupation. The drover's dog, as he is often called, is a breed of high antiquity, according to Dr. Edwardes-Ker, who thinks it probable that this was the animal to whom the herdsmen entrusted care of their flocks when this island "was principally primeval forest with but few clearings and infested with wolves, bears, and the lesser carnivora." However that may be, the Bobtail of modern times is both staunch and courageous; he is not a decorative dog, but his intrinsic virtues are fully equal to those of the Collie. The authorities are not agreed concerning the peculiarity which gives this dog its name, some holding that the young are born bobbed, others that they have bobbedness thrust upon them. That the tails were originally docked close, in accord with the cruel requirements of the ancient forest laws, there is no doubt, a tailless dog being at grave disadvantage in turning at speed when pursuing game; but, old as is the breed, the progeny of the Bobtail are not, it would seem, invariably born without tails after centuries of docking. Had the peculiarity become constant, to use the breeders' term, this difference of opinion could hardly exist.

Strange are the whims of fanciers! "Wall" eyes are considered a blemish in the majority of animals, but in sheep-dog circles fashion has decreed that these pale China-blue optics shall be not only allowable, but a mark of superiority in the lighter-coloured examples of both Collie and Bobtail. The "mired" or bluish-grey variety of the former is most esteemed if endowed with one wall and one brown eye. A pair of wall eyes may be tolerated, but are not regarded with special approval. Similarly the Bobtail whose coat is lighter than the orthodox grizzle or dark, slaty blue is considered the better of one wall eye.

c.



THE SCOTCH COLLIE, WELLESBOARE CONQUEROR.  
*Belonging to Mr. R. Higson.*

sheep-dogs of our own day. Having duties of a more primitive kind to discharge, he was larger and fiercer, capable of coping with the wolf, but probably less intelligent. There can be no doubt that, for breadth of intelligence, the Collies, rough-coated or smooth, and the Old English Bobtail are far superior to any other breed. The poodle displays greater aptitude for learning tricks, but for sound, practical good sense these dogs stand first. Their mental powers have developed thus from their intimate association with men in whose special craft the dogs are continuously employed. The sheep-dogs are the only real "labouring men" of their kind.

It is only within comparatively recent years that the rough-coated Collie has been made a fashionable pet; he owes his social promotion to his good looks, for his smooth-haired brother, no whit his inferior in intelligence, has not shared his fortune. At one time the Collie was reputed uncertain of temper and untrustworthy as a lady's companion; but he has lived down the bad name, or, it would be more accurate to say, with Mr. Rawdon Lee, that his temper has greatly improved of late years; owing, no doubt, to familiarity with more luxurious surroundings. He is not so demonstrative as many dogs, but his beauty and intelligence atone for the lack of extravagant display of affection. Under favourable influences, he is a dog of high principles, but is, unfortunately, not more proof against evil communications than other dogs or men. If led from the path of virtue to taste the joys of sheep-worrying, the Collie, by reason of his extraordinary sagacity, or cunning, wreaks greater havoc and is harder to detect than any other dog. Since the Collie became the fashion, very large prices have been paid for particularly good specimens. In 1888, at the Liverpool Show, Mr. Megson, of Manchester, paid £350 for Caractacus, first-prize winner in the puppy class. The figure was the more remarkable as Caractacus was then only nine months old, and was not "over distemper." Mr. Pierpont Morgan, an American dog-lover, paid 7500 dollars for two Collies, Rufford Ormonde and Sefton Hero. These dogs, it is worth noting, distinguished themselves afterwards by saving the lives of two women who had been upset in a rowing-boat on the Hudson River. It must be admitted that Rufford Ormonde was guilty of upsetting the boat by jumping off the gunwale



THE OLD ENGLISH SHEEP-DOG, SIR JAMES.  
*Belonging to Mr. E. S. Carter.*

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## OVER AN ABSINTHE BOTTLE.

BY W. C. MORROW.

Arthur Kimberlin, a young man of very high spirit, found himself a total stranger in San Francisco one rainy evening, at a time when his heart was breaking, for his hunger was of that most poignant kind in which physical suffering is forced to the highest point without impairment of the mental functions. There remained in his possession not a thing that he might have pawned for a morsel to eat, and, even as it was, he had stripped his body of all articles of clothing except those which a remaining sense of decency compelled him to retain. Hence it was that cold assailed him and conspired with hunger to complete his misery. Having been brought into the world and reared a gentleman, he lacked the courage to beg and the skill to steal. Had not an extraordinary thing occurred to him, he would either have drowned himself in the bay within twenty-four hours or died of pneumonia in the street. He had been seventy hours without food, and his mental desperation had driven him far in its race with his physical needs to consume the strength within him; so that now, pale, weak, and tottering, he took what comfort he could find in the savoury odours which came steaming up from the basement kitchens of the restaurants in Market Street, caring more to gain them than to avoid the rain. His teeth chattered; he shambled, stooped, and gasped. He was too desperate to curse his fate—he could only long for food. He could not reason; he could not understand that ten thousand hands might gladly have fed him; he could think only of the hunger which consumed him, and of food that could give him warmth and happiness.

When he had arrived at Mason Street, he saw a restaurant a little way up that thoroughfare, and for that he headed, crossing the street diagonally. He stopped before the window and ogled the steaks, thick and lined with fat; big oysters lying on ice; slices of ham as large as his hat; whole roasted chickens, brown and juicy. He ground his teeth, groaned, and staggered on.

A few steps beyond was a drinking-saloon, which had a private door at one side, with the words "Family Entrance" painted thereon. In the recess of the door (which was closed) stood a man. In spite of his agony, Kimberlin saw something in this man's face that appalled and fascinated him. Night was on, and the light in the vicinity was dim, but it was apparent that the stranger had an appearance of whose character he himself must have been ignorant. Perhaps it was the unspeakable anguish of it that struck through Kimberlin's sympathies. The young man came to an uncertain halt and stared at the stranger. At first he was unseen, for the stranger looked straight out into the street with singular fixity, and the death-like pallor of his face added a weirdness to the immobility of his gaze. Then he took notice of the young man.

"Ah," he said, slowly and with peculiar distinctness, "the rain has caught you, too, without overcoat or umbrella! Stand in this doorway; there is room for two."

The voice was not unkind, though it had an alarming hardness. It was the first word that had been addressed to the sufferer since hunger had seized him, and to be spoken to at all, and have his comfort regarded in the slightest way, gave him cheer. He entered the embrasure and stood beside the stranger, who at once relapsed into his fixed gaze at nothing across the street. But presently the stranger stirred himself again.

"It may rain a long time," said he. "I am cold, and I observe that you tremble. Let us step inside and get a drink."

He opened the door and Kimberlin followed, hope beginning to lay a warm hand upon his heart. The pale stranger led the way into one of the little private booths with which the place was furnished. Before sitting down he put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a roll of bank-bills.

"You are younger than I," he said. "Won't you go to the bar and buy a bottle of absinthe, and bring a pitcher of water and some glasses? I don't like for the waiters to come around. Here is a twenty-dollar bill."

Kimberlin took the bill and started down through the corridor towards the bar. He clutched the money tightly in his palm; it felt warm and comfortable, and sent a delicious tingling through his arm. How many glorious hot meals did that bill represent? He clutched it tighter and hesitated. He thought he smelled a broiled steak, with fat little mushrooms and melted butter in the steaming dish. He stopped and looked back towards the door of the booth. He saw that the stranger had closed it. He could pass it, slip out the door, and buy something to eat. He turned and started, but the coward in him (there are other names for this) tripped his resolution; so he went straight to the bar and made the purchase. This was so unusual that the man who served him looked sharply at him.

"Ain't goin' to drink all o' that, are you?" he asked.

"I have friends in the box," replied Kimberlin, "and we want to drink quietly and without interruption. We are in Number 7."

"Oh, beg pardon. That's all right," said the man.

Kimberlin's step was very much stronger and steadier as he returned with the liquor. He opened the door of the booth. The stranger sat at the side of the little table, staring at the opposite wall just as he had stared across the street. He wore a wide-brimmed slouch hat, drawn

well down. It was only after Kimberlin had set the bottle, pitcher, and glasses on the table, and seated himself opposite the stranger and within his range of vision, that the pale man noticed him.

"Oh! you have brought it? How kind of you! Now, please, lock the door."

Kimberlin had slipped the change into his pocket, and was in the act of bringing it out when the stranger said—

"Keep the change. You will need it, for I am going to get it back in a way that may interest you. Let us first drink, and then I will explain."

The pale man mixed two drinks of absinthe and water, and the two drank. Kimberlin, unsophisticated, had never tasted the liquor before, and he found it harsh and offensive; but no sooner had it reached his stomach than it began to warm him, and sent the most delicious thrill through his frame.

"It will do us good," said the stranger; "presently we shall have more. Meanwhile, do you know how to throw dice?"

Kimberlin weakly confessed that he did not.

"I thought not. Well, please go to the bar and bring a dice-box. I would ring for it, but I don't want the waiters to be coming in."

Kimberlin fetched the box, again locked the door, and the game began. It was not one of the simple old games, but had complications in which judgment, as well as chance, played a part. After a game or two without stakes, the stranger said—

"You now seem to understand it. Very well—I will show you that you do not. We will now throw for a dollar a game, and in that way I shall win the money that you received in change. Otherwise I should be robbing you, and I imagine you cannot afford to lose. I mean no offence. I am a plain-spoken man, but I believe in honesty before politeness. I merely want a little diversion, and you are so kind-natured that I am sure you will not object."

"On the contrary," replied Kimberlin, "I shall enjoy it."

"Very well; but let us have another drink before we start. I believe I am growing colder."

They drank again, and this time the starving man took his liquor with relish—at least, it was something in his stomach, and it warmed and delighted him.

The stake was a dollar a side. Kimberlin won. The pale stranger smiled grimly, and opened another game. Again Kimberlin won. Then the stranger pushed back his hat and fixed that still gaze upon his opponent, smiling yet. With this full view of the pale stranger's face, Kimberlin was more appalled than ever. He had begun to acquire a certain self-possession and ease, and his marvelling at the singular character of the adventure had begun to weaken, when this new incident threw him back into confusion. It was the extraordinary expression of the stranger's face that alarmed him. Never upon the face of a living being had he seen a pallor so death-like and chilling. The face was more than pale; it was white. Kimberlin's observing faculty had been sharpened by the absinthe, and, after having detected the stranger in an absent-minded effort two or three times to stroke a beard which had no existence, he reflected that some of the whiteness of the face might be due to the recent removal of a full beard. Besides the pallor, there were deep and sharp lines upon the face, which the electric light brought out very distinctly. With the exception of the steady glance of the eyes and an occasional hard smile, that seemed out of place upon such a face, the expression was that of stone inartistically cut. The eyes were black, but of heavy expression; the lower lip was purple; the hands were fine, white, and thin, and dark veins bulged out upon them. The stranger pulled down his hat.

"You are lucky," he said. "Suppose we try another drink. There is nothing like absinthe to sharpen one's wits, and I see that you and I are going to have a delightful game."

After the drink the game proceeded. Kimberlin won from the very first, rarely losing a game. He became greatly excited. His eyes shone; colour came to his cheeks. The stranger, having exhausted the roll of bills which he first produced, drew forth another, much larger and of higher denominations. There were several thousand dollars in the roll. At Kimberlin's right hand were his winnings—something like two hundred dollars. The stakes were raised, and the game went rapidly on. Another drink was taken. Then fortune turned the stranger's way, and he won easily. It went back to Kimberlin, for he was now playing with all the judgment and skill he could command. Once only did it occur to him to wonder what he should do with the money if he should quit winner; but a sense of honour decided him that it would belong to the stranger.

By this time the absinthe had so sharpened Kimberlin's faculties that, the temporary satisfaction which it had brought to his hunger having passed, his physical suffering returned with increased aggressiveness. Could he not order a supper with his winnings? No; that was out of the question; and the stranger said nothing about eating. Kimberlin continued to play, while the manifestations of hunger took the form of sharp pains, which darted through him viciously, causing him to writhe and grind his teeth. The stranger paid no attention, for he was now wholly absorbed in the game. He seemed puzzled and disconcerted. He played with great care, studying each throw minutely. No conversation passed between them now. They drank occasionally, the dice continued to rattle, the money kept piling up at Kimberlin's hand.



MISS ETHEL HAYDON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



The pale man began to behave strangely. At times he would start and throw back his head, as though he were listening. For a moment his eyes would sharpen and flash, and then sink into heaviness again. More than once, Kimberlin, who had now begun to suspect that his antagonist was some kind of monster, saw a frightfully ghastly expression sweep over his face, and his features would become fixed for a very short time in a peculiar grimace. It was noticeable, however, that he was steadily sinking deeper and deeper into a condition of apathy. Occasionally he would raise his eyes to Kimberlin's face after the young man had made an astonishingly lucky throw, and keep them fixed there with a steadiness that made the young man quail.

The stranger produced another roll of bills when the second was gone, and this had a value many times as great as the others together. The stakes were raised to a thousand dollars a game, and still Kimberlin won. At last the time came when the stranger braced himself for a final effort. With speech somewhat thick, but very deliberate and quiet, he said—

"You have won seventy-four thousand dollars, which is exactly the amount I have remaining. We have been playing for several hours. I am tired, and I suppose you are. Let us finish the game. Each will now stake his all and throw a final game for it."

Without hesitation, Kimberlin agreed. The bills made a considerable pile on the table. Kimberlin threw, and the box held but one combination that could possibly beat him; this combination might be thrown once in ten thousand times. The starving man's heart beat violently as the stranger picked up the box with exasperating deliberation. It was a long time before he threw. He made his combinations and ended by defeating his opponent. He sat looking at the dice a long time, and then he slowly leaned back in his chair, settled himself comfortably, raised his eyes to Kimberlin's, and fixed that unearthly stare upon him. He said not a word; his face contained not a trace of emotion or intelligence. He simply looked. One cannot keep one's eyes open very long without winking, but the stranger did. He sat so motionless that Kimberlin began to be tortured.

"I will go now," he said to the stranger—said that when he had not a cent and was starving.

The stranger made no reply, but did not relax his gaze; and under that gaze the young man shrank back in his own chair, terrified. He became aware that two men were cautiously talking in an adjoining booth. As there was now a deathly silence in his own, he listened, and this is what he heard—

"Yes; he was seen to turn into this street about three hours ago."

"And he had shaved?"

"He must have done so; and to remove a full beard would naturally make a great change in a man."

"But it may not have been he."

"True enough; but his extreme pallor attracted attention. You know that he has been troubled with heart-disease lately, and it has affected him seriously."

"Yes, but his old skill remains. Why, this is the most daring bank-robbery we ever had here. A hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars—think of it! How long has it been since he was let out of Joliet?"

"Eight years. In that time he has grown a beard, and lived by dice-throwing with men who thought they could detect him if he should swindle them; but that is impossible. No human being can come winner out of a game with him. He is evidently not here; let us look farther."

Then the two men clinked glasses and passed out.

The dice-players—the pale one and the starving one—sat gazing at each other, with a hundred and forty-eight thousand dollars piled up between them. The winner made no move to take in the money; he merely sat and stared at Kimberlin, wholly unmoved by the conversation in the adjoining room. His imperturbability was amazing, his absolute stillness terrifying.

Kimberlin began to shake with an ague. The cold, steady gaze of the stranger sent ice into his marrow. Unable to bear longer this unwavering look, Kimberlin moved to one side, and then he was amazed to discover that the eyes of the pale man, instead of following him, remained fixed upon the spot where he had sat, or rather, upon the wall behind it. A great dread beset the young man. He feared to make the slightest sound. Voices of men in the bar-room were audible, and the sufferer imagined that he heard others whispering and tip-toeing in the passage outside his booth. He poured out some absinthe, watching his strange companion all the while, and drank alone and unnoticed. He took a heavy drink, and it had a peculiar effect upon him: he felt his heart bounding with alarming force and rapidity, and breathing was difficult. Still his hunger remained, and that and the absinthe gave him an idea that the gastric acids were destroying him by digesting his stomach. He leaned forward and whispered to the stranger, but was given no attention. One of the man's hands lay upon the table; Kimberlin placed his upon it, and then drew back in terror—the hand was as cold as a stone.

The money must not lie there exposed. Kimberlin arranged it into neat parcels, looking furtively every moment at his immovable companion, and in mortal fear that he would stir! Then he sat back and waited. A deadly fascination impelled him to move back into his former position, so as to bring his face directly before the gaze of the stranger. And so the two sat and stared at each other.

Kimberlin felt his breath coming heavier and his heart-beats growing weaker, but these conditions gave him comfort by reducing his anxiety

and softening the pangs of hunger. He was growing more and more comfortable and yawned. If he had dared he might have gone to sleep.

Suddenly a fierce light flooded his vision and sent him with a bound to his feet. Had he been struck upon the head or stabbed to the heart? No; he was sound and alive. The pale stranger still sat there staring at nothing and immovable; but Kimberlin was no longer afraid of him. On the contrary, an extraordinary buoyancy of spirit and elasticity of body made him feel reckless and daring. His timidity and scruples vanished, and he felt equal to any adventure. Without hesitation, he gathered up the money and bestowed it in his several pockets.

"I am a fool to starve," he said to himself, "with all this money ready to my hand."

As cautiously as a thief he unlocked the door, stepped out, reclosed it, and boldly and with head erect stalked out upon the street. Much to his astonishment, he found the city in the bustle of the early evening, yet the sky was clear. It was evident to him that he had not been in the saloon as long as he had supposed. He walked along the street with the utmost unconcern of the dangers that beset him, and laughed softly but gleefully. Would he not eat now—ah, would he not? Why, he could buy a dozen restaurants! Not only that; but he would hunt the city up and down for hungry men and feed them with the fattest steaks, the juiciest roasts, and the biggest oysters that the town could supply. As for himself, he must eat first; after that he would set up a great establishment for feeding other hungry mortals without charge. Yes, he would eat first; if he pleased, he would eat till he should burst. In what single place could he find sufficient to satisfy his hunger? Could he live sufficiently long to have an ox killed and roasted whole for his supper? Besides an ox, he would order two dozen broiled chickens, fifty dozen oysters, a dozen crabs, ten dozen eggs, ten hams, eight young pigs, twenty wild ducks, fifteen fish of four different kinds, eight salads, four dozen bottles each of claret, burgundy, and champagne; for pastry, eight plum-puddings, and for dessert, bushels of nuts, ices, and confections. It would require time to prepare such a meal, and, if he could only live until it could be made ready, it would be infinitely better than to spoil his appetite with a dozen or two meals of ordinary size. He thought he could live that long, for he felt amazingly strong and bright. Never in his life before had he walked with so great ease and lightness; his feet hardly touched the ground—he ran and leaped. It did him good to tantalise his hunger, for that would make his relish of the feast all the keener. To be hungry without money—that is despair; to be starving with a bursting pocket—that is sublime! Surely the only true heaven is that in which one famishes in the presence of abundant food, which he might have for the taking, and then a gorged stomach and a long sleep.

The starving wretch, speculating thus, still kept from food. He felt himself growing in stature, and the people whom he met became pygmies. The streets widened, the stars became suns and dimmed the electric lights, and the most intoxicating odours and the sweetest music filled the air. Shouting, laughing, and singing, Kimberlin joined in a great chorus that swept over the city, and then—

The two detectives who had traced the famous bank-robber to the saloon in Mason Street, where Kimberlin had encountered the stranger of the pallid face, left the saloon; but, unable to pursue the trail farther, had finally returned. They found the door of booth No. 7 locked. After rapping and calling and receiving no answer, they burst open the door, and there they saw two men—one of middle-age and the other very young—sitting perfectly still, and in the strangest manner imaginable staring at each other across the table. Between them was a great pile of money, arranged neatly in parcels. Near at hand were an empty absinthe bottle, a water-pitcher, glasses, and a dice-box, with the dice lying before the elder man as he had thrown them last. One of the detectives covered the elder man with a revolver and commanded—

"Throw up your hands!"

But the dice-thrower paid no attention. The detectives exchanged startled glances. They looked closer into the faces of the two men, and then they discovered that both were dead.

## COPYING RAPHAEL'S CARTOONS.

An unusual and interesting series of copies is being made at the South Kensington Museum just now. The Peruvian Government has commissioned Mr. A. A. Calderon, of the St. John's Wood Art Schools, to paint four large copies of religious pictures for the decoration of the Cathedral at Lima. He has chosen four of the Raphael cartoons, and is now carrying them out in conjunction with his partner, Mr. B. E. Ward, assisted by several of their pupils. The cartoons were designed by Raphael for tapestries for the Vatican, and are executed in distemper on stout paper. Purchased by Cromwell at the sale of the Charles I. collection, they have remained the property of the Crown ever since, and are now lent by the Queen to the Museum, and her Majesty has graciously given permission for the copies to be made. The four that are being copied are "The Death of Ananias," "Christ's Charge to Peter," "The Beautiful Gate of the Temple," and "The Sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas at Lystra." The copies are the largest that have ever been made at the Museum, being only about a foot less than the originals. They are copied in oils, and will be as nearly as possible facsimiles of the originals. The work was commenced last November, and will be sent out about the end of May.

COPYING RAPHAEL AT SOUTH KENSINGTON FOR THE CATHEDRAL AT LIMA.

*Photographs by Haviland, Redhill.*

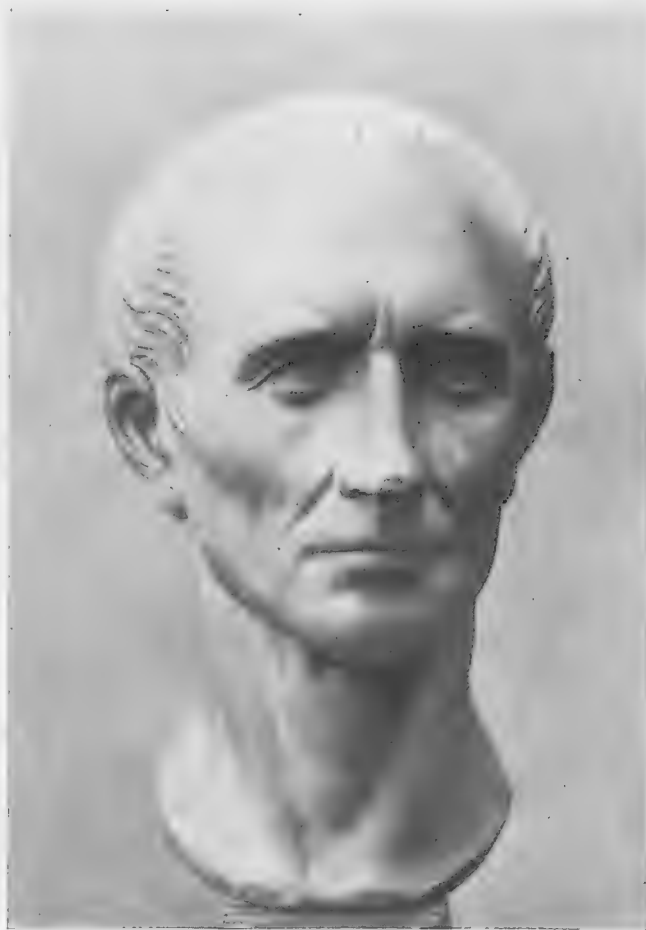


MR. WARD AND A STUDENT WORKING ON "THE BEAUTIFUL GATE OF THE TEMPLE."

### "BOBS" IN BRONZE.

The full report of the unveiling of the statue of General Roberts shows that the occasion was a great success. It is unnecessary to give a description of the statue, beyond noting that it bears on the southern side the following inscription in raised metal letters: "Kabul to Kandahar, Delhi, Lucknow, Agra, Khodagunge, Ambeyla, Abyssinia, 1867; Lushai, Afghanistan, 1878 to 1880; Peiywar Kotal, Shatargardan, Charasia, Sherepore." Then a quotation is given from Lord Roberts' farewell speech to the Army in India: "I now bid farewell to the Army of this country, both British and Native." On the northern side is the following inscription: "General Lord Roberts, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Commander-in-Chief of H.M.'s Forces in India, November 1885 to April 1893. Field-Marshal 1895."

The Viceroy in the course of his speech said: "You will find inscribed on the base of the statue, which it is now my duty to unveil, names that will recall scenes and exploits the memory of which is still green. No doubt it would be easy to introduce into the description words which no man can use of himself; but, if I mistake not, I shall be doing what Lord Roberts himself would wish, if I leave his case as he himself has stated it. In my opinion it is ample to justify our action to day. We may without



CÆSAR'S HEAD IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

hesitation leave behind us as we go this new inmate of the Temple of Fame, as I think I may fitly designate the maidan on which we stand. Look around on the men who are represented here. The great qualities which have distinguished them have been many and various. As we all know, popular favour is a vain and fleeting thing; but there is a quality in some men of which the outcome is no mere passing popularity, but something broader and higher—the confidence which, born of sympathy and deepening into devotion, finds its origin in the smaller incidents of life, but becomes a potent instrument in the hands of a real leader or ruler of men. I need scarcely remind you how our Queen-Empress has possessed and has used this power. And I believe that in it you may find one of the secrets of the success of Lord Roberts. I believe that it is true of him pre-eminently among the men of his day and generation that the entire Army of India, British and native, trusted him as a friend who honestly endeavoured to enter into their feelings and studied their welfare in peace as in war, in small as in great, and I believe I shall truly represent Lord Roberts himself if I ask you, as you gaze upon this monument, to identify them with him, and never to forget, in the General, the Army he has loved and led, and by whose devotion and loyalty his triumphs have been achieved."



UNVEILING THE STATUE OF LORD ROBERTS AT CALCUTTA.



## SOME PORTRAITS OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

The question of the portraits of Julius Cæsar is rather for the archaeologist than for the general reader, but at a moment when the revival of Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" has won so much popular favour many who are not professed students of sculpture may find more than a passing interest in the likenesses of the Dictator reproduced here. The four include the bust in the Museum of the Capitol, that in the National Museum at Naples, that in the Vatican, and the particularly fine head in the British Museum.

Of the history of the busts little or nothing can be ascertained. Their age is likewise uncertain, although there is an obvious upward limit. The bust in the Naples Museum, which represents Cæsar at about the age of fifty, obviously could not be much earlier than 50 B.C. It might, however, be a later copy of a contemporary work, but in none of the four examples shown is a pedigree possible. The sculptor's name is likewise in each case unknown.

The Naples bust, formerly in the Farnese Collection at Rome, shows the cheeks a little fallen and deep folds between the cheeks and the upper lip. This work was taken by Visconti for the most authentic portrait. The general proportions of head and the slight hair are certainly Cæsar-like, but it lacks the characteristic thinness of cheeks and neck. The treatment of the nose and chin does not quite agree with the best coins, but with these, on the other hand, there is a certain general agreement in profile. Visconti based his proof on the unusually colossal size of the bust, his theory being that this greater size was reserved for the busts of deified persons. Later discoveries, however, of colossal busts of persons who had not received divine honours have vitiated this argument.

In the likeness belonging to the Museum of the Capitol, the head is of marble, the bust of variegated alabaster. The face is rather older than in the foregoing portrait, being that of a man of sixty at least. The lower part of the face is rather high.

There is still hair on the head, but over the temples it goes rather far back. The bust in the Vatican is of similar proportions to the foregoing, but differs from that of the Neapolitan Museum in the skull, which is smaller and higher. The face is decidedly older. The question has been raised, indeed, whether it is not too old for Cæsar. The trefoil brooch is unusual, the ordinary form being a quatrefoil, as in the Capitol bust.

The head in the British Museum, bought in 1818 from no particular collection, is undoubtedly one of the finest of the existing portraits of Julius Cæsar. It shows the Dictator at the extreme limits of age, older-looking even than his fifty-six years, but this is not surprising. The head is spare, the face thinner than in the bust representing Cæsar at about fifty; the lower part of the face pointed. These peculiarities only serve to bring the head into better agreement with contemporary coins. Among the portraits that can be picked out by resemblance to coins this is by far the best. The expression of combined power and mildness is entirely characteristic of Cæsar, of whose later years the work is an undoubted portrait. During his last lustrum Julius would seem to have aged quite ten years, and, considering how into that brief space were crowded the

campaigns in Spain and Epirus, the toils and enjoyments of Alexandria, the war in Africa, and the cares attending his establishment of supreme power at Rome, he may at fifty-five very well have looked like a man of sixty.



IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT NAPLES.



IN THE MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL, ROME.



IN THE VATICAN MUSEUM, ROME.

## THE FAILURES OF WOMEN IN ART.

I. In Literature.	IV. In Science.	VII. In Cookery.
II. In Music.	V. In Politics.	VIII. In Painting.
III. In Medicine.	VI. In Fashions.	IX. In Sculpture.

## I.

It is often made a matter of keen complaint, when a general indictment is made against the work accomplished by a woman, that man refuses to regard her simply as a contributor to the art-stores of the world, but insists upon looking at the matter from the point of view of sex. The other day, to take a typical example, Mr. William Archer delivered a lecture before the Society of Lady Journalists on "Some Modern Poets." He passed along an array of notable recent figures, Mr. Henley, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Francis Thompson, Mr. Newbolt, and others, and, having disposed more or less of his subject, he proceeded with infinite assurance and calm to read up a list of women poets who had apparently deserved well of—their sex. Mr. Archer clearly is of opinion that writers may be fairly separated and considered upon the basis of manhood and womanhood. It has apparently never occurred to him to divide writers according to those who have blue eyes and those who have not; he measures his comparisons according to sex with the same true-born devotion to convention as a man reckons time according to the rising and the setting of the sun. With such a method I am by no means in sympathy; and in discussing the question of woman in letters, I accept the convention in precisely the same spirit as if I were discussing the question of the black-haired man in athletics, or the violet-eyed blonde in flirtation, the separation of women being a convenient division about which there is obviously a large body of information at hand. I am comparing, in other words, the achievement of women in literature to the achievement of men; and since, for example, George Eliot comes clearly somewhere in the category between Shakspeare and Martin Tupper, I do not place her, as it were, in a separate field to be set against none but women writers, but I note her rank in the human community of artists in literature.

I reckon it a curious fact that, when Tennyson's Princess Ida summed up the glories of her sex in the statues that thronged her halls—

... not of those that men desire,  
Sleek Odaliques, or oracles of mode,  
Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but she  
That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she  
The foundress of the Babylonian wall,  
The Carian Artemisia strong in war,  
The Rhodope that built the pyramid,  
Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene  
That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows  
Of Agrippina—

there is no mention of a woman distinguished in the art of letters. In the same poem the Lady Psyche makes a passing allusion to the subject, but her generalisation is exceedingly feeble; "in arts of grace," says she,

Sappho and others vied with any man.

But, alas! the weakness of that "and others" is too patent to be overlooked. Indeed, the fact is clear that, if you consider numbers, women are simply and literally not in it, so far as letters are concerned. If you

Run down the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines  
Of Empire, and the woman's place in each,

you will not find one great literary name, with the single exception of Sappho; and that exception is so wonderful, so amazing, so peculiar, that the whole world has agreed to gape at it through hundreds upon hundreds of years. She is, in fact, the literary sea-serpent of history. The same phenomenon is to be observed in more or less completeness throughout the years that bring us down to a fairly modern epoch. There is, in some quarters, a belief cherished that the fine old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" was the work of Lady Wardlaw; but this, I fear, even if true, could only be considered as another manifestation of the sea-serpent; and one does not forget Mr. Henley's vivid phrase in relation to this theory, "To myself it is a thing preposterous and distraught." The middle ages yielded no feminine flowers of the perfect literary mind. In the quiet convents up and down Europe studies were pursued quietly and unambitiously, and here, indeed, a Heloise arose, or there a Teresa y Ahumada passed through her wonderful career. But, frankly, the letters of Heloise are interesting chiefly by reason of the transcendently subtle genius of the man to whom she wrote them, and whose simply poignant, "Write to me no more, Heloise; write to me no more," has more literary tragedy in its few words than you can find in half of the lady's passionate appeals, though condensed into one short sentence; and the mystical writings of Saint Teresa are not genuine literature, despite their passion and their dreadful sincerity.

Here, however, in our own time, and dating back for a century and a half perhaps, to put the matter roughly, women in some considerable numbers have come forward, chiefly in England and France, with literary claims and ambitions, and challenging a place for themselves among the artists of the world. I stand aside, therefore, and watch them pass into the history of these latter days, taking up their places here and there among the writing men of the past and present. And, of course, it would be utterly idle to deny that some have reached most honourable eminence in that group. The delicate observation of the small, dry-lives of everyday men and women places Jane Austen in a niche which is unapproached by any other writer. The significant sincerity, the passionate love of the literary word, the brilliant

vision, of Emily Brontë made a Matthew Arnold grievously lament her early death. George Eliot, finely accomplished in the best dignities of literature, thoughtful, spiritual, philosophical, and relentless, is assuredly secure in her high artistic position in the country's literature. Elizabeth Barrett Browning did actually persuade us that literary sea-serpents need not necessarily be fictitious creatures, the sport of superstition and credulity. I name but these among dead Englishwomen of letters; it would be otiose and unprofitable merely to swell a list, and to approach any subject of present-day controversy would be to fight the air and to lose all plausibility. But when every acknowledgment has been made of the shining work which a very few women have accomplished in poetry, fiction, and essay, and compare the great literature produced by men of the world to it, I rather fancy that it shivers away like a morning mist before the sun. Mind, I am not so wildly unjust as to suggest that it is nothing, because the other is so great and overwhelming; I do but view it in the light of the comparison. Nor is it exactly possible to test the finest work that any woman has done by any preconceived views upon the quality of literary greatness. That she has entered the House Beautiful of art is sufficient; but her influence over the great artistic production of the world, in consequence of the tiny bulk which she brings to the contest, is practically nothing at all.

It is an odd thing, for a conclusion, to note that, among the countless women writers who have had ill-success in all their endeavour, a certain looseness of thinking, a wild grammatical deficiency, and an undisciplined emotionalism are among the gravest marks of their failure. Rarely, very rarely, can you accuse them of those common male faults—dulness, tediousness, and prosiness. Now, with few exceptions, the women who have succeeded in doing something definite in letters are notable for compactness of thought, a strict feeling for grammar, and an emotionalism always under the restraint of intellect; their faults have been the male defects which I have mentioned. Jane Austen could be and was dull, George Eliot could be and is prosy, Mrs. Browning could be and was tedious. But George Eliot was a dragon for accuracy, and Jane Austen was never undisciplined. That is the most surprising coincidence in the whole matter. The literature of the best women writers nearly always shows the defects of the qualities that are greatest and highest in the literature of men. Have women failed then in literature? One woman here and one woman there stands with the world's artists in letters. They have not here, as it would seem they have in music, an almost congenital incapacity to produce enduring stuff; but in the bulk their work has been but a flying meteor passing across the light of the sun.

V. B.

## THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Guy Fawkes' Day has almost departed from among us, save in the calendar; Valentine's Day is defunct, and All Fool's Day is moribund, if not absolutely dead. That cry so dear to those who were juveniles some thirty years ago, "Ah, you April fool!" is in these last days of the century almost unheard in our streets. No more the mischievous urchin respectfully informs some passing lady that "there's something on her face," to shriek in accents far from respectful, on her natural inquiry of "What, my lad?" "Your nose, Mum! Ah, you April fool!" No more he lures the well-dressed pedestrian to destruction by assuring him that there's something out of his pocket, that something being the victim's hand; no more is the milkman irritated by requests for "half-a-pint of pigeon's milk," or the bookseller's assistant disconcerted by an inquiry for the "Life and Adventures of Eve's Mother." Such pleasantries were the amusements of a bygone age, an age when even staid householders would bring the whole family out of bed to see the "Jones's house opposite burnt out during the night from roof to basement." The origin of the April fool business seems lost in the mists of the past, but it appears to have been practised in many parts of the world. Dean Swift, with regard to a statement made by Lord Bolingbroke in connection with the "glorious wars of Queen Anne," dubbed it "a due donation for All Fools' Day." The great Napoleon was married to Maria Louisa, Archduchess of Austria, upon April 1, 1810, and the gay Parisians called him "un poisson d'Avril." A well-known Swedish traveller, Toren, chronicles the fact that "we set sail on the 1st of April, and the wind made April fools of us, for we were forced to return before Skagen." In Lisbon in the early part of the century it was quite the correct thing to play practical jokes upon all and sundry on this auspicious day, while according to an old authority even the grave Hindus delighted at their Huli festival (March 31) to send folks on divers errands, ending in disappointment; "high and low join in it, and the late Suraja Doulah was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a Mussulman of the highest rank." One of the most noteworthy of wholesale April-fool-makings in this country ever recorded took place in 1860, when a vast number of people received through the post a card having the following inscription, with a seal marked by an inverted sixpence at one of the angles, thus giving it a somewhat official appearance: "Tower of London. Admit the bearer and friend to view the annual ceremony of washing the White Lions on Sunday, April 1, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Warders or their Assistants." The trick, it is said, was most successful, and many were the smart folks who, on that Sunday morning, searched Tower Hill all unavailingly for the White Gate. According to Carlyle, we were "mostly fools" in those days; probably we are still, but our folly is no longer made particularly apparent on the First of April.



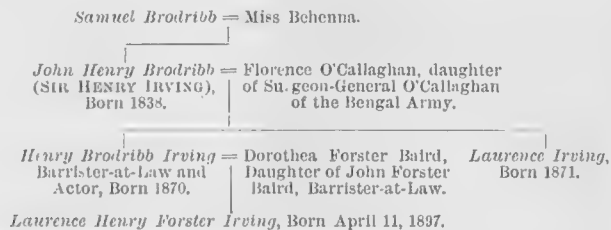
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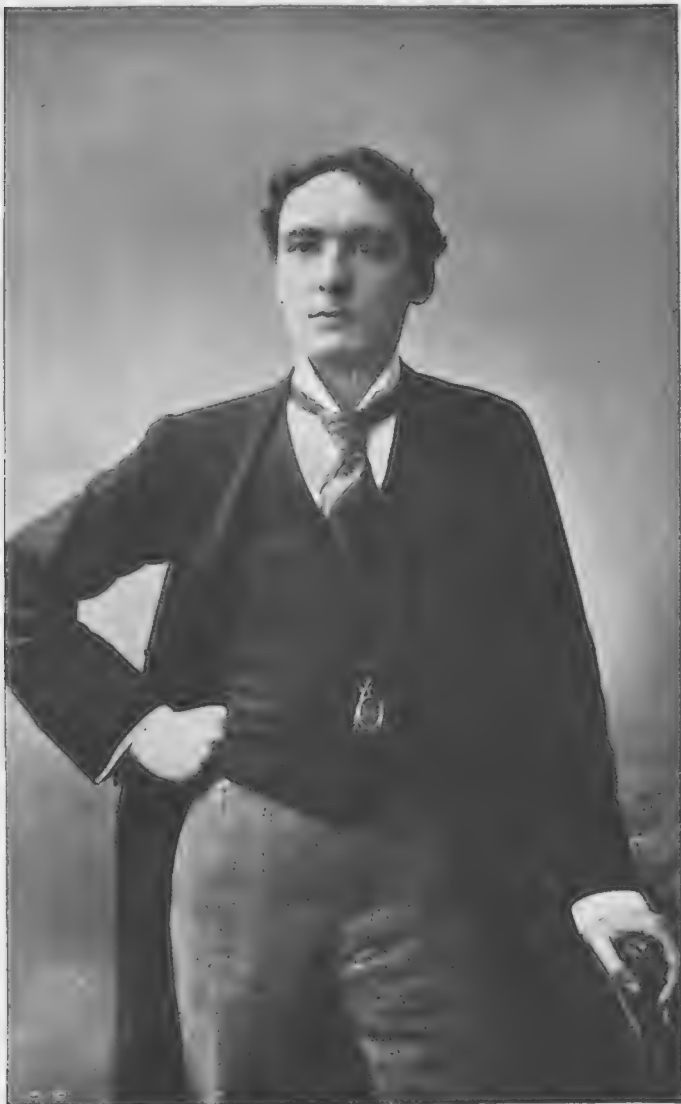


## THE HOUSE OF IRVING.

At the close of the first performance of "Peter the Great," last New Year's Day, Sir Henry Irving, in acknowledging the favourable reception accorded to his younger son's extremely interesting though unequal play, referred to the occasion with pardonable pride as one of peculiar interest to himself. For the student of dramatic history, and even for the ordinary irresponsible playgoer, the event may be said to have had a yet wider significance, which was still further enhanced a few nights later, when Mr. Laurence Irving temporarily replaced his father in the rôle of Peter in his own play. Sir Henry's elder son was at the same time winning no inconsiderable share of the nightly applause to be heard at the St. James's Theatre, and the time was thus altogether one of happy augury for the endurance of the house of Irving as a theatrical family. The English stage owes much of its best work and many of its highest traditions to the direct lineal succession of players produced by such families as the Kembles, the Keans, and the Farrens, and the recent promise of long continuance for the dynasty founded by Sir Henry Irving gives value to the genealogical table herewith compiled.



The family name of Sir Henry Irving, as most people are aware, is Brodribb, but the surname of Irving, under which he had become famous, was formally secured to him and his children by royal licence in 1887, "in addition to and after that of Brodribb." The son of Mr. Samuel Brodribb, of Cluton, Somerset, the future actor was born in 1838 at Keinton, Somerset, within the charmed circle of Arthurian romance of which Glastonbury is the centre. His mother was one of



SIR HENRY IRVING'S ELDEST SON, HARRY.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

six daughters of an old Cornish family named Behenna, and after his fourth birthday the little John Henry Brodribb lived for some years in Cornwall with his mother's sister, Miss Sarah Behenna, who had married Captain Isaac Penberthy, a well-known miner. Later on he was sent to London to receive some schooling under Dr. Pinches in

Lombard Street, and at the age of fourteen found employment in the Indian firm of Thacker, the publishers of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's early work. His first appearance on the boards at Sunderland in 1856, his provincial novitiate, his growing success up to Nov. 25, 1871, when he triumphed in "The Bells," his long management of the Lyceum, his knighthood,



SIR HENRY IRVING'S ONLY GRANDSON, LAURENCE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

conferred in 1895—all these things are too familiar to need recapitulation. For the past quarter of a century Henry Irving, as actor and manager, has held the Philistia of modern life in fee for the romantic and poetic drama, and has stamped himself upon his age as it is given to few men to do.

Sir Henry Irving was married in 1869 to Miss Florence O'Callaghan, daughter of Surgeon-General Daniel James O'Callaghan, of the Bengal Army, and he is the father of two sons. Mr. Henry Brodribb Irving, the elder of these, was born in 1870, and received his education at Marlborough and New College, Oxford. At the University, as a member of the O.U.D.S., he first made trial of his qualifications for the stage, and the recent appearance of his interesting volume in palliation of Judge Jeffreys has shown that his historical studies amounted to more than the perfunctory attainment of a good class in the Final Honour schools. Mr. Irving was destined for the Bar; but the footlights drew him irresistibly, and he made his début on the stage at the Garrick Theatre in 1891 as Lord Beaufof in "School." An effective performance in "A Fool's Paradise" followed, and then his thoughts turned back to his legal ambitions, and he was duly called to the Bar. Early in the year 1894, however, he returned to the stage as the "Dick Sheridan" of Mr. Buchanan's play. His next rôle was that of De Valreas in "Frou-Frou," and then he went off into the provinces, under the management of Mr. Ben Greet, to gain wider experience. With Mr. George Alexander he has since played Hentzau in "The Prisoner of Zenda," Oliver in "As You Like It," the youthful lover in "The Princess and the Butterfly," and the cynical Loftus Roupell in "The Tree of Knowledge." In the last-named rôle he scored the chief success of his London career. In the summer of 1896 Mr. H. B. Irving married Miss Dorothea Forster Baird, known to theatrical fame for her winsome embodiment of Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby," and the young couple's small son has the distinction of being Sir Henry Irving's first grandchild.

Mr. Laurence Irving, the younger of Sir Henry's two sons, was born in 1871, and educated with his brother at Marlborough. On leaving school he spent some three years in France and Russia, with the idea of entering the Diplomatic service. In 1891, however, he embarked upon theatrical life by becoming a member of Mr. F. R. Benson's company. He subsequently made his London début at Toole's Theatre as the hero of Mr. Pinero's one-act trifle "Daisy's Escape," and afterwards played in "Homburg," Ibsen's "Wild Duck," "Uncle Silas," and other productions, and has more recently been gaining experience (and excellent opinions) in the provinces. His play "Peter the Great," produced at the Lyceum on Jan. 1, 1898, proved too gloomy for popular success, but was, nevertheless, a very interesting piece of work; and his recently published "Godefroi and Yolande," produced in America, with Miss Ellen Terry as the heroine, is powerful enough to promise yet finer work from the same pen. The House of Irving has assuredly a future as well as a distinguished present and past.

## THE ROYAL MARINES.

The augmentation of the Royal Marines is to take effect, it is stated, from April 1. The date has an ominous sound, and a not inappropriate comment might be, "Tell that to the Marines"; but, nevertheless, I believe the statement is official. The history of the Royal Marines is an interesting one, and well have they earned their motto, "Per Mare, per Terram," for they have indeed, through a long series of years, done most substantial service to their country "by sea and land." The earliest mention of Marines as a distinct force is an Order in Council, dated Oct. 16, 1664, directing the formation of a regiment of twelve hundred men for the sea service. The soldiers of this regiment appear at times to have been discharged to the fore-castle. This regiment is said to have been recruited from the London watermen. Its history is vague, and Grose states it was ultimately drafted into the Coldstream Guards and replaced by the Buffs, up to that time called the "Holland Regiment." A later order sanctioned the employment of detachments of the Foot Guards and other land regiments on board the Fleet under the Lord High Admiral. With the accession of good Queen Anne came a fuller development of our naval resources, and among them six new Marine regiments were formed. They wore red waterman's frocks with regimental facings, and cloth caps like Hogarth's Grenadiers. Under Rooke, the Marine regiments captured Gibraltar and helped to defend it during the first of the three sieges that, as a British stronghold, the Rock has sustained. At the Peace of Utrecht the Marine regiments were disbanded, and from 1715 to 1740 no Marines existed, save two or three invalid companies. In the latter and following years, however, ten Marine regiments were raised. They wore the waterman's frocks and cloth caps like their predecessors; and, like true Marines, did good and loyal service in all parts of the globe. Some

fought in the disastrous Carthagena campaign, some were at Culloden some at Pondicherry, and others saw service on the Coromandel Coast. At the peace of 1748 all were again disbanded. In 1755 a Marine force was organised on a permanent footing. Fifty companies were raised and dressed in a red uniform, with naval facings, and at first wore those Grenadier cloth caps that made their French opponents dub them "Petits Grenadiers." They fought at Belle Isle, and were at the conquest of Havana. They were with Hawke in his famous action with Conflans, at Louisburg, at Cape Breton, at Manila. They fought at Bunker's Hill, and once again Marines defended Gibraltar in the last and most famous of its sieges.

The Marines served with such distinguished men as Keppel, Rodney, Parker, and Kempenfeldt, and some of them probably went down with the last-named in the *Royal George*. A small party of the world-famous corps sailed round the globe with Cook, and a detachment of four companies founded the first settlements in Australia a century ago. The great sea-fights of St. Vincent, Camperdown, the Nile, and Copenhagen were participated in by the Marines, and they served with Abercromby in Egypt, with Nelson at Teneriffe, and with Sir Sidney Smith at Acre. George III. directed that the regiment should be called the "Royal Marines," as a mark of his approbation. On the renewal of war after the peace of Amiens the Marine Artillery were with the Boulogne flotilla, and at the capture of Copenhagen in 1807. Then came Trafalgar and other smaller naval engagements; the siege of Flushing, Portugal and Spain during the Peninsular War—still we find mention of Marines. North America and the Canadian Lakes knew the familiar uniform, so did Greece and South America. Marines engineered and occupied the little island of Ascension, and they accompanied the great Arctic explorers Parry, Ross, Franklin, and Back. During the last half-century the Marines have well upheld their reputation for loyalty and staunchness in every part of the world.



PRIVATES OF THE ROYAL MARINES.



BOAT'S CREW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREGORY, STRAND.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

## THE GLASGOW SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

Can anything artistic come out of Glasgow? The question was natural enough some years ago, when one thought of the great commercial products of the Clyde, such as cast-iron, which had almost driven the wrought-iron worker from the field. But since that time the Glasgow School of Painting has arisen, and to-day the question is needless. Indeed, it is the very Poetry of Commerce, touched with a fine hand by Mr. Joseph Conrad in his story of the launch of the *Narcissus*, that gives life to the art of a town. For the manufacturing city becomes a centre of wealth, and wealth brings culture and refinement, and opens up avenues of travel and thought. And so art has blossomed in Glasgow as it did centuries ago in Amsterdam and Venice, when these ports were at the height of their commercial prosperity. In Glasgow artistic influences had been long and silently at work. It is astonishing to find that in 1755, fifteen years before the founding of the Royal Academy, the great printer, Robert Foulis, founded an academy for drawing, painting, engraving, and modelling. No buildings were ready for the venture, but the University granted rooms for the use of students, and exhibitions were held in the Faculty Hall. Students were sent abroad to study at the expense of the academy, and David Allan and James Tassie were among the early pupils. A permanent collection of pictures was gradually acquired, and Glasgow is rich in the possession of fine examples of Rembrandt, Hals, and of early Flemish and Italian masters. Sir Daniel Macnee, Gilbert Graham, and Horatio MacCulloch each formed an artistic centre in his day and handed on the torch. Private collections of unrivalled value have been gathered during the last thirty years, and to the honour of Glasgow be it said that Corot was known and loved there before he was recognised in London. And to-day the municipality is expending enormous sums in building new galleries, in buying pictures, such as Whistler's "Carlyle," and doing everything in their power to bring art before the people.

So when the time was ripe, Glasgow proved herself a not unfit birthplace for the Renaissance of Scottish painting. For the town was *alive*, and this new movement was also full of life. The band of artists, called the Glasgow School, realised that old formulas and conventions had had their day, and that a new life-giving spirit must rouse up the deadened frame. Like all true painters, they are the children of their age, and this age is one of revolution and progress. They have brought modern life within the range of art. They have discovered sun and atmospheric effects. Light and colour and life are the Trinity of their beliefs. They seize hold of impressions and leave out the non-essentials. They have learnt the beauty of simplification, which renders their truths all the more direct and penetrating. They have shown, as other great artists have shown, that the Ideal is no shadowy abstraction, but a "Selected Real." The work of this small, energetic colony has taken the world by surprise: France has welcomed it in the Salon, while Germany—and Munich in particular—has poured praise and honours upon it, attributing the rise of a present vigorous German school to the influence of the "Glasgow boys." The school has revealed what the individuality of the Scot can produce when it is combined with the study and influenced by the methods of great foreign masters. For each artist has steeped himself in the best of French and Spanish art, and each will admit how much he owes to his great predecessors. I have heard Mr. Lavery say that no painter ever painted the "Spirit-Presence" as Velasquez has done in his portraits, and that the black of the great Spaniard is the "only real black."

And in portraiture the Glasgow men have attained something of a Velasquez-like nobility and distinction. The broad, masterly treatment

of Mr. Lavery and Mr. James Guthrie has challenged admiration at home and abroad. They grasp the individuality of the sitter and shun photographic fidelity, giving the inner man rather than a map of the face. Mr. Guthrie's full-length portrait of "Miss Spencer" is a typical example of his gracious charm in depicting ladies. It is earnest and truthful and full of poetry. The pose is easy and restful, and the scheme of colouring harmonious and subdued. Mr. Lavery is equally successful in his "Mr. Cunninghame Graham," and everything he touches becomes picturesque and personal.

In landscape-painting the strong individuality and versatility of the several artists are striking. Each one speaks after his own inspiration, but all agree in painting Nature in a broad, luminous manner—in

painting her bathed in light and air. Mr. Guthrie's "Highland Funeral" is remarkable for its earnest, simple treatment of a touching Scotch subject, while his "Goose-girl" and his "Schoolmates" recall the idyllic charm of George Mason. Later, as in his diploma picture, he has indulged in more complicated effects of chequered light and shade. Mr. Lavery catches the blaze of an Eastern sun or the feeling of a stiflingly hot day at home. Mr. Arthur Melville's Eastern impressions are revelations of brilliant and beautiful audacity. The grave, serious landscapes of Mr. W. Y. Macgregor, the "Father" of the movement, are strong in design and noble and classic in treatment. Mr. Joseph Crawhall is always vivid and characteristic. Mr. T. M. Dow translates his subjects into dreamy poems. Mr. Macaulay Stevenson and Mr. Walton are also poet-painters, and in their work we find a pleasant reminiscence of the Barbizon School, while Mr. James Patterson's pastoral scenes are instinct with charm and delicate freshness.

Others have delighted to play with rich colour, for colour is a strong feature of the Glasgow School, differing in this respect from the Newlyn School, which delights rather in the expression of human character and in grey, subdued tones. Mr. George Henry and Mr. E. A. Hornell—so largely influenced by Japanese art—have almost out-Japanesed the Japs by their brilliancy and spontaneity, and, we can say also, in their want of perspective and due proportion. But their works are thoroughly decorative. They love to produce on the canvas strong effects of daring colour. Their famous joint production, "Bringing Home the Mistletoe," was literally encrusted with gold and green and crimson. Very decorative, too, are the works of Mr. Alexander Roche. Mr. Roche stands out for his singular delicacy of touch and tone, making his workmanship a precious gift to the artist's eye.

Courbet, the great French painter and revolutionist, once exclaimed

vehemently, "Schools have no right to exist; there are only painters." But, as we have pointed out, the work of all these men of the so-called "Glasgow School" is so entirely individual and characteristic that one feels they are really "only painters." The brotherhood has in no wise trammelled them. Of course, their aims have been abused from time to time. Young disciples have thought that *impressionism* is synonymous with bad drawing and careless workmanship, and by their mannerisms and affectations have impregnated a credulous public with the idea that the Glasgow School delights only in painting three-legged cows or two-headed men and chess-board arrangements of light and shade. These have begun to juggle with the brush before they have learnt to wield the pencil. But the real outstanding names, on whom the glory of the movement rests—W. Y. Macgregor, Guthrie, Lavery, Roche, Henry, Hornell, Walton, and a few others—have worked and studied at home and abroad, and their unerring facility of touch, and broad, comprehensive grasp of idea are but the harvest of their long and faithful labour. For in art, too, it is true that "Nil sine magno Musa labore dedit mortalibus."

I. M. W.



MR. R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

Painted by John Lavery, F.S.A.

## WHAT LONDON DRINKS.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the most ancient of the existing sources of water-supply of the Metropolis is still known as "the New River." After a period of nearly three centuries, this system continues to be of the greatest service to London, supplying water to well-nigh the whole of the City and a large portion of the Metropolis north of the Thames.



SIR HUGH MYDDELTON.

It was in April 1608 that Hugh Myddelton, a native of Denbigh, commenced the gigantic task of constructing this artificial water-course, which takes its rise from Chadwell Springs and sources at Amwell, between Hertford and Ware, about twenty miles from London. In 1612 the works at Enfield came to a standstill owing to a lack of funds, and Myddelton, after vainly appealing to the citizens of London for assistance, was helped out of his difficulty by James I.

The total cost of this undertaking, which was carried out with very imperfect mechanical resources, was seventeen thousand pounds, of which sum the Treasury advanced between eight and nine thousand pounds, but the entire outlay upon the New River since the commencement of the works has been about one million and a half of money.

The opening of the New River took place on Sept. 29, 1613, with great ceremony. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen were present in state, accompanied, of course, by the principal citizens. The labourers were also present in large numbers, wearing green Monmouth caps, and carrying spades, shovels, and pickaxes. The flood-gates flew open, and the stream entered the cistern, "drummes and trumpets sounding in triumphall manner, and a brave peal of chambers (cannon) gave full issue to the intended entertainment."

In view of the recent discussions as to the just amount of charges for the supply of water, it is interesting to note that in the year 1616 the sum of £1 8s. 8d. was paid per annum by a citizen for the service of water to his yard and kitchen conveyed in a pipe having only a half-inch bore. But it was long before the water was laid on to every house, those which were situated at any considerable distance from the main being served by water-carriers, who conveyed the water in pails slung from a yoke across the shoulders, and cried, "Any New River water here?"

The great success which ultimately attended Myddelton's scheme may be inferred from the present enormous value of the New River shares. Myddelton himself was rewarded by a baronetcy, which was conferred in 1622, and by a goodly measure of riches which fell to his share before his death in 1631.

The course of the New River lies through Hoddesden, Cheshunt, Enfield, Hornsey, Stoke Newington, Islington, and Clerkenwell. From the first the river between the Thatched House, Islington, and Colebrook Row has passed through an underground arch or tunnel. North of the New River Head, the stream was formerly let into a tank or reservoir



THE NEW RIVER AT STOKE NEWINGTON IN 1793.

under the stage of Sadler's Wells Theatre, which was drawn up by machinery for scenes in which "real water" was used.

The Sluice House was a small wooden building about half a mile beyond Highbury, just about the point where the river angles off towards Newington. From its being the nearest spot to London where any sport might be expected, it was once a house of great celebrity among

metropolitan anglers. The keeper of the Sluice House was once a well-known character, and a writer who was very familiar with the locality in the earlier years of the present century says, "His manly mien and mild, expressive face are worthy of the pencil: if there be truth in physiognomy, he is an honest, good-hearted man. His dame, who tenders Barcelona nuts and oranges at the Sluice House door for sale, with fishing-lines from twopence to sixpence, and rods at a penny each, is somewhat stricken in years and wholly innocent of the Metropolis and its manners."

The name of Sir Hugh Myddelton is honoured in Clerkenwell and Islington, where localities have been named after him and a statue has been erected to his memory, and it must ever occupy a notable place on the page of history as one of the great benefactors of London.

## A SUPERFLUOUS BOOK.\*

It should require a great necessity, as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has himself proved, to add to the literature of "Pickwick." "What English novel or story," he asks, "is there which is made the subject of notes and commentaries on the most elaborate scale?" "Pickwick," he continues, "wonderful to say, is the only story that has produced a literature of its own—quite a little library—and has kept artists, topographers, antiquaries, and collectors all busily at work." That being the case, Mr. Fitzgerald must have come to a very definite conclusion that a new work is wanted as an addition even to this ample supply of commentary, and that he is just the man to supply that want. I have my fears, however, that he is scarcely justified in the result of his present labours, however seriously he may have regarded the necessity of his writing. I take a few of his exceedingly curious statements at random. Dickens in a description of the appearance of one of his characters says, "A gold watch-seal depended from his Fob." "Depended," says Mr. Fitzgerald, "is a curious use of the word and quite gone out." Why, then, the language of scholars has gone out, too. Mr. Fitzgerald describes the law of debt in these words: "In the County Courts, when small debts under £3 10s.



FIRST VIEW OF THE NEW RIVER.



THE SLUICE HOUSE.

are sued for, the judge will order a small weekly sum to be paid in discharge; in case of failure to pay, he will punish the disobedience by duress not exceeding fifteen days—a wholly different thing from imprisonment for debt." Nothing more inaccurate was ever penned; there is no such limit as £3 10s.; a debt for a hundred pounds leads to exactly the same results; and what, after all, is the present mode but imprisonment for debt, as Mr. Lang has it, "disguised as imprisonment for contempt of court?"

"Where are now the Pewter Pots?" asks Mr. Fitzgerald. "Long cut glasses have taken their place." There is not a public-house or a middle-class restaurant in London which does not supply beer in pewter pots. "Where is the invariable Porter?" he further inquires. Everywhere in London, is the natural reply. But there is worse than this. He quotes his Dickens thus upon the subject of the Warming-Pan: "a harmless, necessary, and, I will add, comforting article of domestic furniture." "Of course necessary," says Mr. Fitzgerald in sententious italics, "as though every family had it as an article of their 'domestic furniture.'" The sententiousness of the quotation will be found emphasised by the fact that Dickens does not use the word "necessary" at all. According to Mr. Fitzgerald, "corduroy is seldom seen save on the figures of some *chic* ladies." Does he forget the labourer and the railway porter of to-day, who use corduroy as their daily clothing? "Gone," says he, "are the simple games of childhood. Marbles, for instance." The boys of London would be surprised to hear it. "Who sees a boy playing marbles now in the street or elsewhere?" he asks. "Mr. Lang gives us no lore about this point." The reason is probably that there is none to give. "There is a piquant quaintness in the upside-down turning of everything in this wonderful Book," says Mr. Fitzgerald. "Such as Perker's eyes, which are described as playing with his 'inquisitive nose' a 'perpetual game of'—what think you? Bo-peep? Not at all; but 'peep-bo.' How odd and unaccountable! We all knew the little 'Bo-peep' and her sheep—but 'peep-bo' is quite a reversal." To which I can only say, in Mr. Fitzgerald's phrase—how odd and unaccountable! Is there a nursery in England where peep-bo is unfamiliar? And what sort of a game is Mr. Fitzgerald's "Bo-peep"? These jewels are to be found in the first twenty-seven pages of the book. Was it worth while to add this sort of contribution to the literature of "Pickwick"?

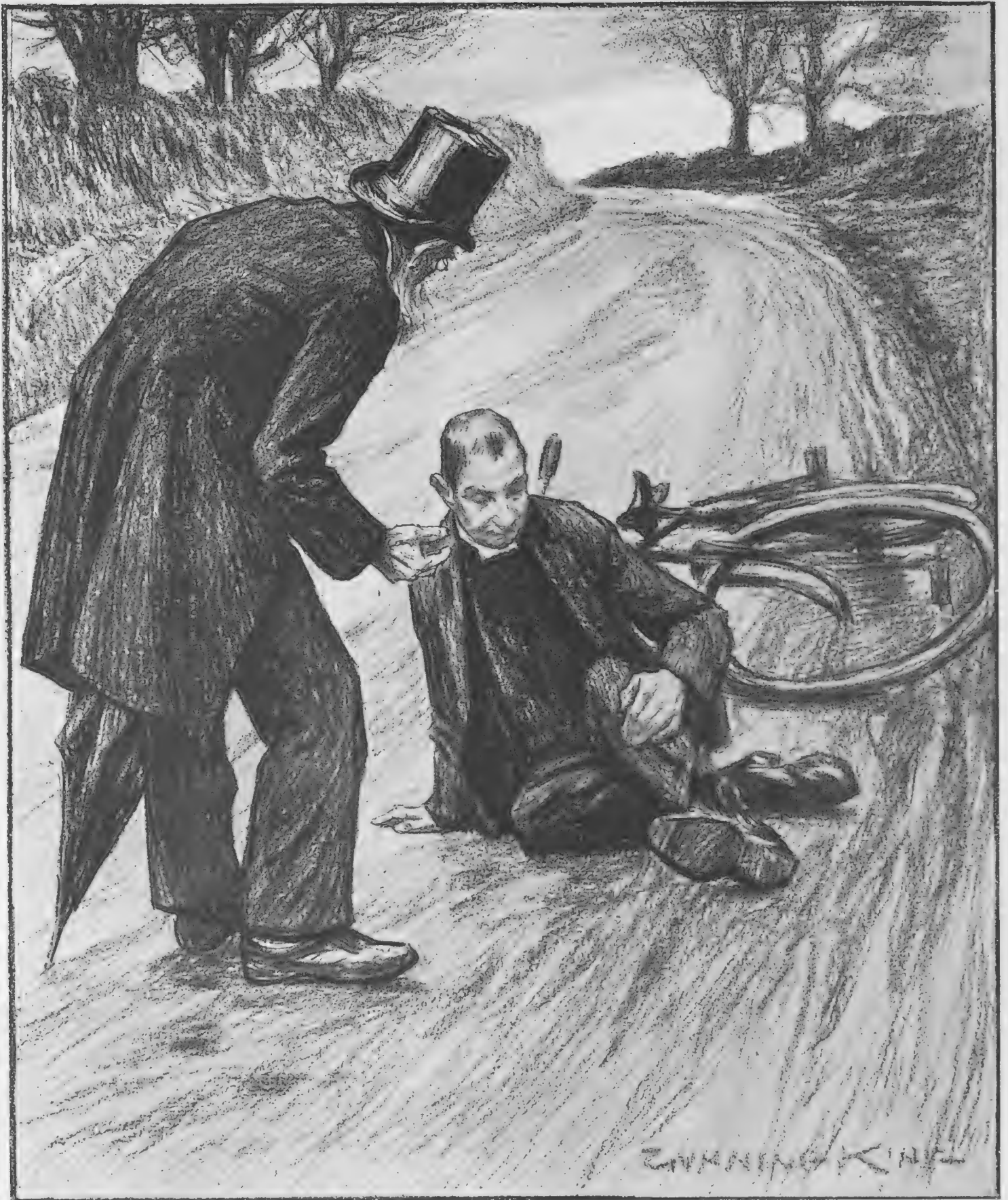
\* "Pickwickian Manners and Customs." By Percy Fitzgerald. London: The Roxburghe Press.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE



WAKING UP.



VICAR: Dear me! I'm afraid you've had a bad accident. Are you much hurt?

CURATE: I don't think so; but I wish there was a layman here to say a few words for me.



INTELLIGENT FOREIGNER (off Dover) : An' dis is what Britannia calls ruling ze waves !



## AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

Everybody knows that Joseph, the famous *chef*, has been summoned from Paris to restore order and the graces of cookery to the kitchen of the Savoy Restaurant. The recent troubles in that shrine of gastronomy have stirred Society to its depths. Talk of Socialism and the Radical conspiracy against the House of Lords! How trivial are these dangers to law and order compared with the discontent of cooks! Wild rumours flew through Mayfair, Jewry, and the dressing-rooms of theatres consecrated to the lighter moods of Thespis. It was said that the cooks were banded in a secret society, bound by a horrid oath to serve no choice repast on a given night in any fashionable restaurant. The signal was to be a wild clash of saucepans, and after that nothing was to be sent up to famished epicures from renowned kitchens but tripe and onions! This tale caused a painful stir at various clubs, where young gentlemen in unyielding collars counselled appeals to the Home Secretary and the Chief Commissioner of Police. It was reported that several "stars" of musical comedy had taken to their beds, and were wringing the hearts of their relatives by calling feebly for asparagus. Somebody suggested that the "Christian Scientists" should be invited to the rescue. If they could heal the most dangerous maladies without doctors, why not make nice little expensive dinners without cooks?

How far this revolt of the kitchen was well authenticated I do not know. At revolutionary moments it is difficult to distinguish truth from fable. But when it was known that Joseph had been sent for, a blessed calm fell upon the nerves of the epicures. The gentlemen in unyielding collars held a joyous meeting, and decided to present him with an address which ran thus: "We who have so often enjoyed the delicacies of your Art hail you as the Master Builder of cookery. By an unfortunate oversight, we have not made ourselves acquainted with the date of your birth, and so this spontaneous tribute cannot rank among those birthday memorials of great men which have of late been very common. But, if we may judge from your venerable aspect, you are probably seventy, like Ibsen and Meredith. If they are masters of the pen, you are the genius of the palate. If they are poets, you also have a Muse, and she is anointed with precious sauces. Why need we trouble about your birthday? Sufficient for us is the day on which we heard the rapturous news of your coming. It will ever be a festal day to all good livers; and every year we shall celebrate the Feast of Joseph with some special dish of your creation. As a substantial proof of our affection, we send you an old English pie-dish of undoubted authenticity. George III. (popularly known as Farmer George) is known to have often eaten an entire apple-pie out of this identical piece of ware. It may serve to remind you, in moments of philosophical reflection, of that grand process of evolution in cookery of which you are the soul and the crown. Let us add that we who sign this address represent the *élite* of diners-out, and that we have carefully excluded many pretenders whose names would have deprived the memorial of that distinction which entitles it to be preserved among your most cherished recipes."

I share the annoyance of the people who were not invited to sign this historic document. A great opportunity for stimulating the brotherhood of man has been lost. Poets and dramatists, however eminent, inevitably rouse animosities, but a great cook appeals to the common instinct of mankind. I would gladly have subscribed to the pie-dish; but I am not the author of a violent protest in the *Daily Chronicle*, signed "A Diner-Out of Forty Years' Standing," against the clique who, he says, have used the fame of Joseph for their own glorification. One of them has made this ill-feeling still more acute by dropping into poetry, a medium of expression to which he is wholly unaccustomed. I admire his zeal; but was it quite discreet to challenge criticism with such lines as these?—

O Joseph, Master-Spirit of our age,  
Essence of stuffing, of onions, and of sage,  
Uplifted souls, tho' Philistines may fret,  
Greet thee with joy, and wave the *serviette*!  
Thy name moves carving-knives to shimmering glee;  
Dish-covers shine with tremulous ecstasy!  
And I, who in prose am scholarly and terse,  
Must chant thy genius in hobbling verse.

But this affair has another and a graver aspect. What will French patriotism say? I notice that M. Lockroy, formerly Minister of Marine in France, has been warning his countrymen against British designs upon their coasts. When the *Drummond Castle* was wrecked off Ushant,

the Breton fisher-folk showed a touching solicitude for the dead, and in grateful recognition of this we sent them money to make various local improvements. The penetrating M. Lockroy has discovered that this was not gratitude on our part, but deliberate calculation. We want Ushant to be so developed that, in the event of war between England and France, we can turn it to account as a naval base! I wonder M. Lockroy does not point out that we have attempted to suborn the Bretons with a view to making them British subjects. Did not the Queen send them a message, and did not the curé of the parish, where the dead passengers of the *Drummond Castle* were interred, announce that he intended to learn English? M. Lockroy has overlooked these damning facts; but, now he is on the alert, nothing will escape him. What is this engagement of Joseph at the Savoy but an attempt to corrupt the patriotism of French *chefs*? It is our far-reaching policy to inoculate every great *chef* with treason to his country, that, when the moment comes for attacking France, we may be secure of allies in the Paris restaurants who will cunningly dress the *plats du jour* so as to fill every native customer with dyspepsia and despair. It is probable that, when they realise the nature of the danger, the French will either prohibit their *chefs* from taking service in England, or they will class all cooks among Jews, Protestants, and Freemasons, who, though born in France, can never be true patriots!

I perceive an inkling of this great idea in an article by M. Ferdinand Brunetière. This is a distinguished literary critic who has discovered that the military mind is sovereign in France, that culture is its footstool, and over arts and sciences it casts out its shoe. The argument is delightfully simple. The army represents the dominant traditions of France, and all patriotic thought. If a professor of chemistry, medicine, or philology should venture to differ on a point of evidence from a General of the army, he proves himself an individualist, an Anarchist, and an enemy of France. What will M. Brunetière say when he applies this philosophy to the cooks? Every *chef* inclines to be an autocrat. Like Thackeray's Mirobolant, he is quick to resent a slight upon his calling. He is just as likely to have an opinion of his own as a professor of chemistry; and if this should ever come into conflict with the military judgment, what horrible imbroglio shall we see in France—the white cap and apron against the spurs and sabre, the council of the kitchen against the *conseil de guerre*!

So Mr. Stead's bureau of communication with the other world has failed, and he is driven to the bitter conclusion that, however the quick may grieve for the dead, they have no desire to hear from kindred and friends beyond the grave. This is not wholly due to selfish indifference. Most people are still persuaded that the world of spirits is not accessible to the living, despite the transactions of the Psychical Research Society which, says Mr. Stead, are so shamefully neglected. Moreover, it does not appear that any spirit has the power to tell us anything that is worth knowing. Instead of growing, the intelligence even of the great departed who vouchsafe spiritual manifestations has become singularly cramped and indefinite in eternity. Now, if regular communication with the next world were established, who would gain? With interests different from ours, and inexplicable to us, how could the spirits who had been our nearest and dearest on earth give us either news or counsel? The consciousness that all such intercourse would be unprofitable on both sides is probably at the root of that unwillingness of which Mr. Stead complains, unwillingness even on the part of those who are by no means sceptical about the existence of spirits, to seek them out in Borderland.

"The War of the Wenuses," by C. L. Graves and E. V. Lucas, is the cleverest parody I have read for years. It cannot be appreciated unless you have first read "The War of the Worlds," and the highest praise I can give it is that it has made me read Mr. Wells's romance again with increased admiration. The "Wenuses" are ladies from another planet, and they invade the earth in search of fashions. "Belonging as they undoubtedly do to the order of the Tunicates, their exquisitely appropriate and elegant costume may be safely allowed to speak for itself. It is enough, however, to note the fact that there are no buttons in Venus, and that their mechanical system is remarkable, incredible as it may seem, for having developed the eye to the rarest point of perfection while dispensing entirely with the hook. The bare idea of this is, no doubt, terribly repulsive to us, but, at the same time, I think we should remember how indescribably repulsive our sartorial habits must seem to an intelligent armadillo." It is a pity the Wenuses could not have remained with us, for their contributions to journalism in the department of fashion would have been original and piquant.

## BIRDS IN SPRING.

The young man's fancy is not the only emotion that is stirred by spring, for this is the season when birds fly and flirt. The time of mating is at its height. The partridges, that hitherto have roamed the fields in coveys (thinned, alas, by the gunners), are now content to go in pairs,



WRENS IN THE MATING SEASON.  
*Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.*

the male bird challenging all and sundry to come within his "sphere of influence." That they do come sometimes is evidenced by the rings of feathers which you find in the fields, indicating the place of combat. The pheasant does the same, but in his case there is a plurality of wives, and he has a bevy of four or five to guard; his short, shrill crow of defiance is heard all day in the covert. The moor-hens on the moat at "The Hall" have lived in friendly fashion all the winter, foraging together or sitting disconsolate on the ice; but now every male is ready to do combat should another approach the mate he has appropriated for the season. The starlings on my house-top have built there for generations, and for weeks past the language they have been using to would-be intruders has been fearful. They will have no trespassers on their domain. The numberless sparrows, which have disputed with the robins for the crumbs and other food which I have provided all the winter, now sit chirping in pairs on the eaves, save now and again when they get up a dispute over some female. Then there is a commotion indeed. They fly, screaming, in a cluster, which whirls and twirls in the air, and, tumbling through the lilac-trees at the bottom of the yard, they reach the ground almost at one's feet. My son has often run to try and pick them up, so much engaged do they appear. And so, through the whole of the bird-world, courting goes merrily on, each bird vying with his fellow in producing the sweetest or loudest song, the most beautiful or brilliant plumage. This emulation through ages of evolution



A HERON'S NEST MADE OF WIRE.  
*Photo by J. McLeod, Newark.*

has produced the birds as we know them, and made them ministers to the joys and needs of mankind.

Last spring a remarkable nest was built by a heron in the heronry at Stoke Hall, Notts. It is composed principally of wire, of two different sizes, in considerable lengths, and a few sticks. When the long, slender neck and beak of this bird are considered, one realises the extraordinary

difficulty attending manipulation of the stiff wire, which is beautifully twisted and woven together; the lining of the nest consisted of the usual small twigs. It is worth noting that no fewer than six out of about fifteen nests in the Stoke Park heronry were partly constructed of wire, one or two containing a large quantity. This one was blown out of its tree by the gales of the past winter; it contained a young brood last spring.

Very curious, too, is the nest of the tit. Indeed, the whole family of tits are cunning builders, but the blue-tit excels them all in skilfully hiding his nest from the eyes of inquisitive man. To begin with, he selects the most out-of-the-way and unexpected places for his domicile; then the entrance is so very small that you would miss it if you did not set a watch on the movements of the bird; and you must look very closely indeed, or he will deceive you, so quick are his actions. One moment he is sitting on the tree-trunk, the next he disappears backwards down the orifice leading to his nest; this is generally some distance below. The one here depicted was fifteen inches from the entrance, but they are often placed at a greater depth. Indeed, I have examined dozens of nests with a view to photographing them, only to find that they were beyond the reach of the lens. But by taking a somewhat mean advantage of the bird, and cutting away the side of the tree, I was enabled to unearth this nest, with its treasure of eight creamy-white, red-spotted eggs; these lay on a bed of moss, hair,



NEST OF THE BLUE-TIT.  
*Photo by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.*

and feathers, some three inches in diameter, and how all the young birds were going to stow themselves away was a matter of wonder, and, greater wonder still, how were the small parents going to support their numerous family? Although the tit is such a small bird, his total length being but 4.5 inches, he will bravely defend his nest and young. If you wish to test this, place your finger in the hole leading to the nest. He will make such a sudden and fierce onslaught with beak and claw that you will quickly withdraw it. Tits and finches are regarded as pests by most gardeners, and are remorselessly trapped and shot. Only the other day I saw the under-gardener at a large house busy potting them with his master's gun, and, on my remonstrating with him for his cruelty, he said, "Cruelty? I call this cruel. Look at the buds on these trees, or rather, look at them on the garden path." And, true enough, the buds were scattered in all directions, undoubtedly the work of the birds either in search of food or for pure mischief. Owing to the mild winter, the buds are early this year; consequently, the birds will effect more damage. But, if the tits destroy some fruit at this season, in compensation they must do good by destroying so many harmful insects throughout the year.

## NOTE

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

## "A LITERARY HISTORY OF INDIA."

"Padgett, M.P.," now that he has the fear of Mr. Kipling before his eyes, will not be anxious, when he wishes to pose as an Indian expert, to be confronted by Mr. R. W. Frazer. If ever a man had his subject at his finger-ends, it is the author of "A Literary History of India," the



MR. R. W. FRAZER.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

first volume of Mr. Fisher Unwin's admirable "Library of Literary History"—a series which justly entitles Mr. Unwin (or, perhaps, his literary adviser) to the gratitude of every student. Mr. Unwin was well advised in selecting India for his initial volume, and equally well advised in placing the work in the hands of one of the most accomplished living masters of Sanscrit. Mr. R. W. Frazer, whose "Silent Gods and Sun-Steeped Lands" and "British India," in "The Story of the Nations" series, have already placed him in the front rank of Asiatic scholars.

Apart from its immense value as a contribution to Asiatic scholarship, this "Literary History of

India" affords the most fascinating and suggestive reading. It is by no means merely literary in its interest. Much that Mr. Frazer ably puts forward is of supreme interest to the politician; all of it is vital to the folk-lorist and to the scholar who is interested in the philosophic study of religions. The general reader who knows nothing of India will find the work a storehouse of curious fact and picturesque legend more fascinating than any fairy story. It is possible that some who remember the line in Mr. Kipling's "Tomlinson"—

I'm all o'er sib to Adam's breed that ye should give me scorn,

may learn for the first time from Mr. Frazer's pages that "sib" is synonymous with "clan." To the social reformer, the humanitarian and platform ladies and gentlemen generally, the work affords much matter for contemplation. Mr. Frazer makes it plain throughout that infant marriage and enforced widowhood are the two gravest social blots on Indian life, and has much that is of interest to say upon the work of Malabari, who was instrumental in the passing of the Age of Consent Bill of 1891, by which the age of consummation of marriage was raised from ten to twelve.

The volume opens necessarily with a description of the invasion of India from Central Asia by the fair-skinned Aryan race, which has peopled not only India and Persia, but a large part also of Europe, and was the original stock whence sprang the Teutonic, the Celtic, and the Slavonic nations. The only literary record of this ancient Aryan people is to be found in their Vedic hymns (1028 in all), written, it is now supposed, at least four thousand years ago. The origin of these sacred poems is so obscure that at one time the Sanscrit student had to rely almost entirely upon "internal evidence" in seeking to construct their history. Hence the second chapter, "The Grey Dawn Mists," is peculiarly fascinating to everyone interested in the science of comparative philology, which, it was hoped, might serve to piece together the story of the period before the Aryan people became scattered.

But the science of languages, as Dr. Schrader points out in his "Prehistoric Antiquities," "can only give us a skeleton, and to cover the dry bones with flesh and blood is the prerogative of the comparative history of culture. That the Indo-Europeans did possess the notion of a house, the philologists show us, for the Sanskrit *damá*, Latin *domus*, Greek *δῶμος*, Slavonic *domŭ*, correspond; but how these houses were constituted the historian of primitive culture alone can ascertain."

"The Early Bards," the chapter in which Mr. Frazer treats of the Vedic hymns and their strange surmises on the future of man's state after death—the Hell of Darkness for the evildoers and the Heaven of Light where the righteous sip the intoxicating honey-mead, Soma—is one of the most scholarly portions in the book. It is followed by a chapter on "The Twilight of the Older and the Dawn of Newer Deities," in which the author deals in his poetic and picturesque style with Agni, the thrice-born four-eyed Fire-God to whom the opening hymn of the Vedas is addressed; Ushas, the Dawn; Sūrya, the Sun-God, who in later mythology becomes Vishnu, the preserving god of the world; the "Maruts," or Storm and Wind Gods; Varuna, who afterwards gave

place in popular estimation to Indra; and many another deity who to these Nature-worshippers represented some dread or benign natural power personified.

Mr. Frazer then passes on to Brahmanism, and thence naturally to Buddhism, and here, as elsewhere, he masses the result of years of patient research and scholarship so concisely and yet so naturally that there is not a touch of pedantry. He is an artist, and not the least charm of his book is due to the cunning with which he contrives to introduce some suggestion of Oriental splendour and glamour into his language. His sentences have often the haunting cadences of an Eastern poem, and he has interwoven threads of rich colouring with his words. Now and then he approaches within measurable distance of hyperbole, as when, speaking of the future of Hindu art and literature, he says, "the world presents no problem more interesting or more momentous," but, as a rule, he steers clear of the danger which the Orientalising of his language presents. The style is both imaginative and beautiful, and he has that light touch which is so seldom associated with profound learning.

## LEWIS CARROLL.

Born 1833, Died 1898.

The Grownup and the Prillilgirl  
Were walking hand in hand;  
They were as pleased as Punch to be  
Alone in Wonderland:  
"If there were other books like his,"  
They said, "It would be grand."

A queer and kindly land it was.  
A land of fun and play,  
With many a comic friendly face  
To greet them on their way:  
While laughter, sounding all  
around,  
Rang innocent and gay.

"I like his Higher Nonsense best,"  
The Grownup made remark,  
"The metaphysics with a wink,  
The logic for a lark,  
The Trial, the portmanteau words,  
The White Queen, and the  
Snark."

(From "The Books of To-Day and The Books of To-Morrow.")

"For Me," the Prillilgirl replied,  
"The simpler things for me:  
The Duchess and the Baby, and  
The Cat and Twéedledee,  
And everything that Alice says,  
And O! the Hatter's tea."

"He was so very fond of you,  
So fond," the Grownup said,  
"And little plans to make you  
glad  
Buzzed ever in his head;  
Well-nigh impossible it is  
To think of him as dead."

"But will," the Prillilgirl inquired,  
"His writings ever die?  
Will people always love his books  
The same as you and I?"  
"There is no doubt at all of that,"  
The Grownup made reply.

E. V. L.

## "JOSIAH'S WIFE."

It is something at this time of day to have achieved a novel which turns on a question of sex, and yet is acceptable and wholesome. In "Josiah's Wife," by Norma Lorimer (London: Methuen), the author deals in a new way with two ancient "problems"—the conflict between the Puritanical and the artistic spirit, and the not wholly alien strife between exuberance of physical perfection and repression, or, at least, comparative contempt of the body. That a woman should have grappled successfully and cleanly with these themes, and at the same time should have given us a racy and consistently developed story, is matter for congratulation. The questions are eternal. Their recent abuse *ad nauseam* is no reason why they should not be handled honestly without offence, and at the same time without prudery. Norma Lorimer has contrived to do this in her latest story. She knows the spirit of both sides of the Atlantic, and can draw the Boston storekeeper as deftly as the St. James's Clubman. Josiah Skidmore was of the former, Walter Norreys of the latter. Between them stands Camela, Josiah's spoiled Bohemian wife, and for a time she cannot choose. Of course, as a wife, she ought to have chosen long ago; but Camela seldom did what she ought. Therein lies the story. In the end, however, she does choose (wisely, it would seem), thanks to the reaction of the characters upon each other. This reaction, by the way, is one of the best and most artistic things in an entertaining book. Epigram there is, but not of the pointedly foolish kind that now makes one yawn. Its flash, indeed, is of real insight, and not in the pan.



MISS LORIMER.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

Apparently

There is no manner of doubt,  
No probable, possible shadow of doubt,  
No possible doubt whatever

about the success of the revival of "The Gondoliers." Almost every number was encored, almost every artist had an enthusiastic reception. It is well that this should be the case, that our public should not have lost its taste for the dainty, skilful music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, and the fantastic, non-human humour and brilliant versification of Mr. Gilbert, against whom the only reproach one can make is that he has rendered the task of his successors too difficult. It is a grim stroke of destiny that, after the break which followed "The Gondoliers," Mr. Gilbert must really be regarded as one of his own successors. It is difficult to know from what point of view to approach the nine-year-old play. Ought one to treat it as critic or chronicler, or is it wisest to speak only of the performance? The critic at the most can but deal with it by comparing "The Gondoliers" to its predecessors, and then he may be forced to admit that, while one recognises in the musical part a development at least in technique, the book shows some reaction after "The Yeomen of the Guard" and a return to that topsy-turvydom and that algebraical-symbol treatment of human beings which have so often marked the work of the "Bab Balladist." It is obvious to the meanest intelligence, even to that of a critic, that the comic muse has grown tired ere the journey is ended, and there is prodigious and not quite successful audacity in the *dénouement*. But even if, during the last few minutes, one is tempted to begin a dangerous analysis, justice demands that one should say the balance is greatly in favour of the dramatist, while the composer is not dull in a single number—indeed, his cleverest numbers, and those which have best withstood the shock of time and constant repetition, are in the second act.



MISS JULIE PETERSEN.  
Photo by Dupont, New York.

nearly everyone will be charmed by Miss Ruth Vincent, who took the part of Casilda, for, though her work was a little marred by natural timidity, she was charming as singer and pleasant as actress. Moreover, Miss Emmie Owen is delightfully full of life, and secured a hearty encore for her principal song. Mr. Henry Lytton, who gave quite the best performance in "The Grand Duchess," is not, perhaps, altogether at home as the Gondolier; nor may it be said that Mr. William Elton exhausts the character of the Duke of Plaza-Toro. The casts, past and present, are as follows—

Dramatis Personæ.	Original Cast. Produced Dec. 7, 1889.	Present Cast. Produced March 22, 1898.
The Duke of Plaza-Toro	MR. FRANK WYATT	MR. WILLIAM ELTON.
Luiz	MR. BROWNLOW	MR. JONES HEWSON.
The Grand Inquisitor...	MR. DENNY	MR. WALTER PASSMORE.
Marco Palmieri	MR. COURTICE POUNDS	MR. CHARLES KENNINGHAM.
Giuseppe Palmieri	MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON	MR. HENRY LYTTON.
Duchess of Plaza-Toro	MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM	No Change.
Casilda	MISS DECIMA MOORE	MISS RUTH VINCENT.
Giannetta	MISS GERALDINE ULMAR	MISS EMMIE OWEN.
Tessu	MISS JESSIE BOND	MISS LOUIE HENRI.

Miss Julie Petersen, the young Danish flute virtuoso, will shortly make her first professional appearance in London, though she has already played more than once to the Princess of Wales at Marlborough House, and promises to become "the fashion" for the coming Season. She comes to us with highest honours and eulogies from New York, and Herr Anton Seidl cannot say too much in her praise. Miss Petersen is a native of Copenhagen; she took to music when only six years of age as a cure of a severe attack of melancholia, and she soon showed such marked ability on the piano that a brilliant future was prophesied for her by Gade. After studying various instruments, she finally adopted the flute, and on it her tone is rich and full and her technique as

remarkable as it is irreproachable. Her first teacher was the late Harold W. Jensen, and so rapid and promising was her progress that the musical director of the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen noted her playing, and through his agency she became a pupil of Professor Jorgen Petersen (no relation), with whom she studied until October 1894, when she made her début in her native city, and last year had the honour of being specially chosen by the King of Denmark for a musical honour and prize.



MISS VIOLET LUDLOW.  
Photo by Thomas, Champs-Élysées.

Miss Violet Ludlow is an Australian candidate for fame in the musical world. Born at Newcastle, New South Wales, and educated at a Dominican convent in that colony, she commenced to study singing at sixteen, and was so successful in oratorio and light opera that she was strongly advised to come to Europe. Here in London she has been studying with Mr. E. Turner Lloyd, a son of the great tenor, and has sung several times—at the Grosvenor Club and elsewhere—while her name is down for an early vacancy in one of Mr. D'Oyly

Carte's companies. Her strong soprano voice is specially fitted for the stage, as M. Stumont of the Théâtre Monnaie, Brussels, told her when she sang there last summer.

Singularly little notice has been taken of a useful innovation introduced by Mr. H. T. Brickwell into his programme of "A Brace of Partridges," at the Garrick Theatre. Besides printing the various classes of seats and their prices in English in the usual way, he gives the same information also in French, and thus one reads of "Loges de 1 à 3 guinées (de 26 fr. 25 à 78 fr. 75); Fauteuils d'Orchestre, dix shillings et sixpence (13 fr. 50); Parterre, deux shillings et sixpence (3 fr. 10); Troisième Galerie, un shilling (1 fr. 25); and so forth. Collectors of theatricalana, please note.

Last December *The Sketch* noticed that Ian Maclaren's "Bonnie Brier Bush" stories had been dramatised by Mr. James MacArthur, the co-editor of the *American Bookman*, and Mr. Tom Hall. The first appearance of the play is to take place in McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on Easter Monday, where, if it prove successful, it will run for the rest of the season, and will not appear in New York until the autumn. Dr. Watson visited Chicago twice while on his lecturing tour in the autumn of 1896, and on both occasions he spoke to enthusiastic audiences which packed the Central Music Hall of that city. Dr. Watson has frequently referred to the exceedingly cordial welcome he received in Chicago, so that, as things have turned out for the production of the play in that city, the event may be regarded as most auspicious. Mr. MacArthur is personally supervising the production.

Mr. J. H. Stoddart, who is one of the few veterans still left on the American stage—being seventy years of age—is to take the leading rôle of Lachlan Campbell. Mr. Stoddart was born in Scotland, and began his professional career as a boy in Glasgow, where his father and brother were performing. He received, to begin with, from sixpence to a shilling a performance, the salary depending upon his being cast for a thinking or speaking part. Two years ago, on Jan. 30, Mr. Stoddart was presented with a handsome silver loving-cup by his friends in the profession in honour of the sixty-third anniversary of his début on the stage. On that occasion Mr. A. M. Palmer, the well-known New York manager, delivered the address, which closed with these words: "Mr. Stoddart stands here to-night beloved and honoured by every man and woman in his own profession, and known and admired by the lovers of the theatre everywhere throughout this broad land." Mr. Stoddart, I understand, is more enthusiastic over his new part than he has been with any other during his long and illustrious career. The portrait here given of Mr. Stoddart is reproduced from his latest photograph.



MR. J. H. STODDART.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent effusion of brotherly feeling across the Atlantic seems to have affected British observers with a bewilderment like in kind to that with which the previous clamour of hostility was received. It is more agreeable to have the Union Jack crossed with the Star-Spangled Banner than to be threatened with summary extinction in revenge for the wrongs of one of the insolvent and mongrel anarchies of South America. But it is equally inexplicable to the sober Englishman. He did not see then, nor has he yet seen, why he should be summoned at the pistol's mouth to settle a dispute with Venezuela that had gone on for half-a-century. Nor could he comprehend why, even if he *had* wronged Venezuela, citizens of the United States should be roused to warlike frenzy by a problematic injury done to an unsavoury client.

So now, when he hears of "God Save the Queen" alternating with the American national anthem—or perhaps being sung simultaneously; for the *real* American anthem, like the real German anthem, goes to the same tune—John Bull rubs his eyes and asks, in his slow, bewildered way, "Well, what have I done now?" And, really, it is not easy to say. England has indeed worked for American trade in trying to keep China open to her own merchants; but this she does because she works on the Free Trade plan. And the United States may be glad of English neutrality or formal support in a possible conflict with Spain over Cuba; but again, nobody, except a few fanatic fools, could have dreamed that England would interfere on the side of Spain. We did all the fighting on the Spanish side that we wanted to do in the Peninsular War; and nobody could have been better pleased at getting out of the alliance than the Iron Duke himself.

The egregious Mr. Davitt has discovered that our upper classes would sympathise with the Spaniards, as they sympathised with the South in the American Civil War. If the Spaniards fought well, there would be a certain admiration of them, as the weaker party; but there the sympathy would end. As for the upper classes, if the annexing or protecting Government of the United States can improve the quality and reduce the price of the big cigar that the aristocrat has ever between his delicately chiselled lips, the House of Lords will accept the new régime with enthusiasm, and all wish for interfering on behalf of the Spaniards would end in smoke. Only an Anglophobe of the most rabid type could conjure up a conflict with England for the liberty of Cuba. In fact, so far as it takes any interest in the matter, the British public would like to see the often oppressive and always incapable Spanish Government of Cuba replaced by some more progressive Power, and would welcome a change of owners.

Further, we should be rather glad than otherwise to see the American Republic swallow Hawaii and Cuba. These are toothsome but large morsels, and there would be far less danger of a collision over small matters when each nation had its own considerable colonial interests to foster. We took Havana once, in the Seven Years' War, and gave it up, quite unnecessarily. Since then we might have occupied the island several times on various pretexts. We did not, but left it outside our field of action. So, too, with Hawaii; we might once have had it, and chose not to take it. The Foreign Relations Committee—or whatever it is—of the American Senate may blether about British intrigues here or there, in which nobody believes, but the fact remains that neither as to Cuba nor as to the Sandwich Islands does any Englishman who counts want to oppose the United States.

Whence, then, this sudden friendliness? Is it because of our working for freedom of trade in China? But this we do for ourselves. Is it because we are neutral or friendly in the Cuban question? Why on earth should we be anything else? Or is it—which may be the case—that the British attitude has been suddenly appreciated, and invested with all the warmth of Transatlantic affection by the lavish enthusiasm of the American people? There is no mistaking the fact that, for the moment, the aims of American and British foreign policy largely coincide. The Irish question, the text for the most sincere American diatribes against England, is slumbering for the time. Mr. Dillon says it is only the calm before the storm, and this is more obviously true than is usual with Mr. Dillon's remarks. The only question is, how long before the storm? A pretty good while, to judge by present appearances.

And, after all, the way to win a nation's affection is not to do it great services, but to encourage its sentiments. Italians have always been grateful to us for helping them to achieve freedom. What did we do for them? I have never been able to find out. MARMITON.

*L'Art Nouveau* has organised in Paris an exhibition of the etchings of Legros, that French artist who has made England his home. The works include his superb portrait of Cardinal Manning. It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the work of Legros has not received more attention in France. The Luxembourg Gallery possesses only two of his works, and if one wishes to obtain the best idea of the artist's genius one has to go to Dijon. His "Calvaire Breton," in the Dijon Gallery, has all the technical qualities of Courbet with an added charm of sentiment which the painter of "L'Enterrement à Ornans" never knew.

## RACING NOTES.

I am very glad to hear that the Ascot course is well covered with herbage, and, if we do not get any more hard frost, the going is likely to be good this year. Major Clements has a very peculiar soil to deal with, and he finds it difficult to get the turf into good condition; but the mild season has been much in favour of vegetation. I hope those owners having horses entered for the Gold Cup will not hesitate to start them, for, if my information is right, Galtee More is not the stayer that many good judges think he is. Anyway, the race should prove a good public trial to any animal, and, if there is an owner who wants to know what chance his horse has for the Cesarewitch, a gallop over the Cup course at Ascot against Galtee More is the trial I would suggest. The racing all round will be good on the Royal Heath this year.

The settling at the clubs passed off very well this week, as the majority of backers won money over the result of the Lincoln Handicap. We shall now get plenty of speculation on the City and Suburban, for which race, by-the-bye, Mr. Robert P'Anson has given us a very good handicap. This is just the race to suit Kilcock if he is fit. With J. Watts up, Captain Greers' horse would have a big following, and I think he would stay this easy mile and a-quarter all right. Voter has too much weight; but Chelandry has a big chance, and she should carry Lord Rosebery's colours prominently; but, granted a race, I should declare right out for Hermiston, as the Kingsclere colt is, I happen to know, a very smart one.

According to the latest calculations, the field for the Two Thousand Guineas is not likely to be a large one, and it is expected that Wildfowler will go very close, as Ninus is not going on very well in his work. If all goes well, Nun Nicer ought to win the One Thousand, and the Derby, at this time of day, looks like being a match between Dieudonne and Batt. I know Watts fancies the former, and M. Cannon is equally confident as to the ability of Batt, so we can count on seeing a good finish. I cannot bring myself to believe in the chance of Hawfinch, who now meets the favourite on even terms.

Racecourse shares stand very well in the market just now, and the prospects are good, so far as the shareholders are concerned, but the time is fast arriving when owners of horses will agitate on the betterment principle and will want a fair share of the spoils. I certainly think that some concessions, such as free stabling and fodder, might be made by all Clerks of Courses.

The ways of some of the advertising tipsters are peculiar. A case has just been brought to my notice of a circular having been printed at the end of a certain day's racing. The document was post-dated, and, of course, "predicted" several long-priced winners, as the originator was in the happy position of being wise after the event. Such methods can hardly be termed legitimate, and it is interesting to know that the public are waking up to the tricks of the fancy. As a matter of fact, the sporting public now like to pick out their own winners. I seek after information about horses and trials, but they do the tipping for themselves.

The Earl of Radnor is, I am glad to see, one of the stewards of the new Folkestone Racecourse. This is only as it should be, seeing that his lordship is a big landowner in the immediate neighbourhood of the course. Lord Radnor seldom goes to a race-meeting, but he generally favours the Lincoln Meeting, as Lady Radnor, who is a sister of Mr. Henry Chaplin, M.P., has attended the fixture for many years. Her ladyship is very fond of horses, and she often watches the gallops of his lordship's thoroughbreds that are trained in his park at Longford, near Salisbury, by Bushell, who is an old servant of the family.

CAPTAIN COE.

## FOOTBALL.

The first annual match for possession of the Sheriff of London Charity Shield, presented by Mr. Sheriff Dewar, took place on the 19th inst., between the probable League champions, Sheffield United, and the greatest of all amateur combinations, the Corinthians. To commemorate the institution of the competition, Mr. Sheriff Dewar offered fifteen-carat gold medals of appropriate design, bearing the City Arms, to the members of the winning team, together with badges of the same precious metal to the committee. Both badges and medals were designed and modelled by her Majesty's silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb. The weather was bad, and neither side scored.



## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, March 30, 7.28; Thursday, 7.29; Friday, April 1, 7.31; Saturday, 7.33; Sunday, 7.34; Monday, 7.36; Tuesday, 7.38.

I thought that every cycling affection and affectation, from country-roaditis, which tickles the mucous membrane, down to footman's elbow, the result of cleaning too many machines in too short a time, had been referred to in these columns since bicycling became so generally popular, but here comes a fresh cycling malady, a complaint generated this time in London itself. A correspondent complains that her hands have lately become terribly chapped, and she adds that her nails and her finger-tips "appear to be almost ruined." She attributes the mischief to her habit of cycling without gloves, and, in common with all distressful and necessitous cyclists, she solicits my assistance, or, as she delightfully terms it, my "valuable advice."

So serious an ailment naturally needs careful diagnosis, which I am not in a position to make. Personally, I have not suffered from ruined finger-tips, though certainly my fingers have placed ruinous tips into other people's palms often enough, but I think that my fair correspondent would do well to consult some trustworthy masseuse—I mean, manicurist. A lady to whom I have spoken upon the subject tells me that "cyclists' tips," as the affection seems to be called, is a very common complaint, and that several manicurists make its cure a speciality.

I hear that cycling has been very popular this winter among the English colony in Cairo. What a blow this must have been to the donkey-boys! The sunny shores of the Riviera are essentially up-to-date.

It is rather remarkable that no newspaper has ever before drawn attention to the wonderful "trick-riding" act performed daily, and sometimes nightly, in the streets of London. I refer to the great feat—for it is nothing less—of cycling through traffic not only "hands off," but leading two bicycles, one on each side, and carrying a fourth poised upon the back of the neck, the rider's head being, of course, passed through the frame. Sometimes a few passers-by glance round for a moment in order to take a second look at the rider, and I once heard a slim-necked youth in Piccadilly observe to a fair companion that "really the fellow was rather good."

The statement to the effect that the Prince of Wales had "taken to the bicycle"—as some "take to business" and others to drink—has been generally contradicted, but I am able to state, on the authority of a friend in Cannes, that the Prince now does ride a bicycle and appears to enjoy the exercise very much. Of course, most of the roads in the immediate neighbourhood of Nice and Cannes are well-nigh perfect for cycling purposes, second only, perhaps, to the roads in Golden Gate Park of San Francisco.

The fine weather of the last week tempted me to essay my first tour of the season and to choose for this purpose the ever-charming district of Snowdonia, beautiful at all seasons. I will describe only one day's ride through the heart of the Welsh mountains. Starting from the picturesque old-world town of Conway, and leaving behind me the hoary battlements of its time-honoured castle, I set my face westwards along the fine coast-road that skirts the base of Penmaenmawr. A strong head-wind rendered progress somewhat laborious for the first eight or ten miles, and the approach to Bangor was far from pleasant, owing to the previous day's rain having covered the roads with a coating of greasy mud, where side-slip was a contingency to be continually guarded against.

After a hurried lunch in the cathedral city, I pushed on for Carnarvon, and when well out of the town the mud was left behind and the surface became all that could be desired. The Menai Straits, with their wooded shores, the low, flat lands of Anglesey beyond, formed a lovely picture, while away to the south-west stretched the open sea. Soon the historic county town was reached; but, not caring on this occasion to visit the castle associated with the first Prince of Wales (for it was already familiar to me), I turned to the left, and in a few minutes was heading eastward, with a fresh breeze behind me, and the snow-clad peaks in front rearing their heads in almost Alpine grandeur.

The twin lakes of Llanberis, nestling in the hollow of the mountains, looked no less beautiful than when I last saw them bathed in summer sunshine; while the snow on the higher peaks added a grandeur often wanting later in the year.

A short halt for refreshment in the village, and then the long ascent of the pass had to be negotiated. Though the summit of the pass is more than a thousand feet above sea-level, so gradual is the rise and so excellent the surface that it would be quite possible to ride the whole without dismounting on a machine not too highly geared. Personally, I do not think it advisable to over-exert oneself in hill-climbing, so I walked leisurely up the two miles to the summit, from whence nothing can be more enjoyable than the run of ten miles, all on the down-grade, past Capel Curig to Bettws-y-Coed. It is one of the finest roads in the kingdom, that portion between Capel Curig and Bettws, forming part of the old London and Holyhead road, which was the first road in the kingdom to be macadamised. But, alas! the best of roads require repairing and keeping in order, and just now there is too much loose metal on it to render coasting safe. The entire distance from Conway to Bettws is about forty-eight miles, and a more enjoyable ride could not be found in Britain, nor a more comfortable hostelry at the end of it than the Royal Oak at Bettws-y-Coed. Early spring touring, notwithstanding the occasional drawback of metalled roads, has much in its favour; the tourist and tripper are conspicuous by their absence, and the chance visitor is made all the more welcome at the halting-places *en route*. If any reader desires to follow my example, he may rest assured that in North Wales he will find unrivalled scenery, excellent accommodation, and roads second to none in the kingdom.

An individual who signs herself "Lady of Title" writes to me from Bermondsey. At least, the letter comes to me anonymously; but the envelope bears the Bermondsey post-mark, so that either the Post Office people made a mistake by stamping it "Bermondsey" instead of "Belgravia," or the lady of title's footman flung the missive into the wrong pillar-box—pampered menials are always so careless; you know—

Sir, you call your notes "Society on Wheels," but there is no society I can see in it why don't you write about *reel society* as the daily mail does if you do I can send you something good about myself on my bicycle I am in society myself [*sic*] and the daily mail often speaks about me I shall read the sketch next week to see if you do.

With the best will in the world to please everybody, I hardly can, in justice to myself, consent to alter the tone of my notes in order to suit only a solitary member of the aristocracy; but, if a few more ladies of title, and perhaps a few gentlemen of blood, will support the wishes of this illustrious scion of a

noble house, I will in future chronicle in detail the gracious and graceful acts daily performed by Society on Wheels in Battersea. The following I take to be the sort of news the lady of title yearns for: "All the world of fashion was wheeling in the Park yesterday. Lord Salisbury wore tweeds, and was mending his tyre; Lady Warwick smiled as she pedalled daintily round on her chic white Beeston; Lord Rosebery looked manly on his new Columbia; 'Mr. Jersey' rode an aluminium mount, and was attired in rich green velvet; 'Mr. Erskine' blew his nose as he turned towards Vauxhall; the Duke of York frowned inwardly as he buttoned his neat suede glove." And so on. These and similar exhilarating trivialities might interest my distinguished correspondent and some of her exclusive cycling acquaintances, but they would most certainly rile my Editor to extinction, and bring about my ears a hornets' nest from the hive of the general public.

I see that the First Commissioner of Works has expressed a wish that cyclists will not allow their dogs to run with them when cycling in Regent's Park, as the practice is highly dangerous, and persistence in it may lead to the closing of the park to cyclists. It is quite true that in the multitude of wheels there is danger for doggie, as when endeavouring to keep up with his master, at a pace often too tiring for his short legs, he has no time to look about him, and is very liable to be run down by another cyclist. Even if his owner be riding slowly, it is quite likely that his canine attendant may meet another of his own species, and dogs are of a gossiping nature—they must pass the time of day to one another—so that a canine *tête-à-tête* may cause a serious block in the roadway equally dangerous to themselves and their wheeling superiors.



MR. AND MRS. COSMO BONSOR.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Alexander. Boots. Booth. Cornish. Hellings. Daniel. Jones. Llewellyn.



Hussey. Pearson. Bancroft. Nichols (capt.). Davies. Dobson. Biggs.

THE WELSH TEAM.

within their "twenty-five," where a penalty-kick fell to the Welsh. In the end, a meritorious victory awaited the Welshmen by two goals (one penalty) and a try (eleven points) to a penalty-goal (three points).

## GOLF.

There are several new golfers in the Parliamentary tournament this session. Among these is the Earl of Erroll, Aide-de-Camp to Lord Wolseley. A golf course has just been laid out by a railway company on the noble Earl's estate at Port Erroll, in Aberdeenshire, and he has had a good deal of practice there. General Russell, who was at one time a Military Attaché at Berlin, has also entered the competition for the first time.

## IRELAND v. WALES.

Ten thousand people witnessed the Rugby match between Ireland and Wales at Limerick last Saturday week. Wales won the toss, and took what advantage accrued from a slight wind in their favour during the opening half. At the outset the Irish forwards were seen to advantage. The defence of the Welshmen was particularly good, and time after time the endeavours of their rivals were frustrated, but by-and-by they played better. At the end of the first half they got a goal, which gave them the lead by a couple of points, and half-time found the game still in this state.

After the resumption, the Welshmen were again seen to advantage, and some fast foot-work and good concerted play soon enabled them to force their rivals

Smethwick. Bulger. M. Ryan. Franks. J. Ryan. MacCarthy. Little.



Barr. Fulton. Lindsay. Gardiner (capt.). Byron. Mellwaine. Purser. Magee.

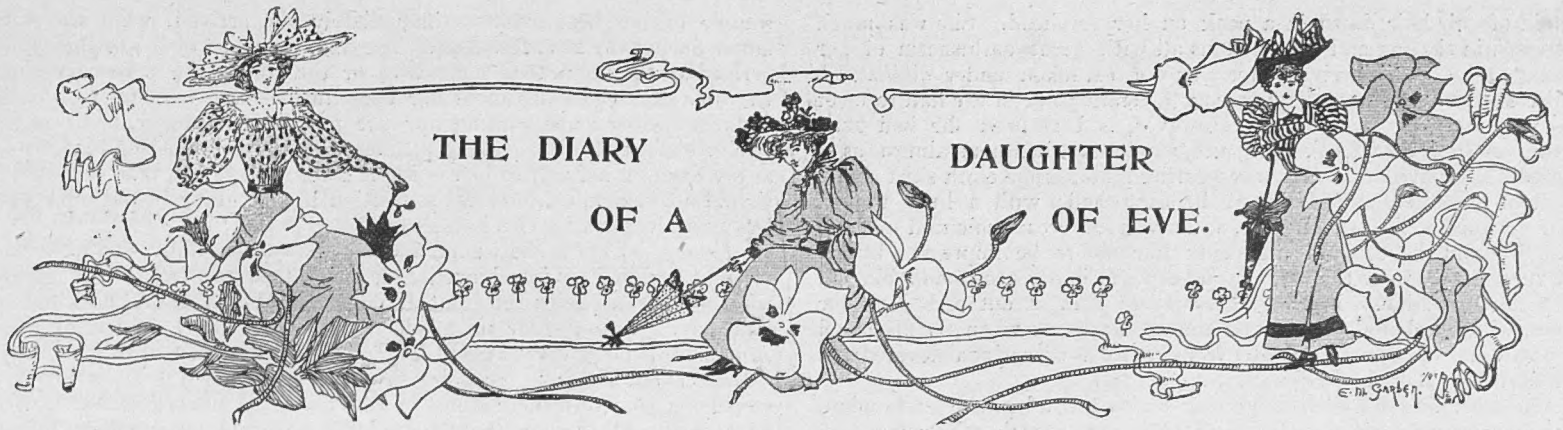
THE IRISH TEAM.



A SCRUMMAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

His father was Captain of the Aberdeen Club, but he himself has only taken to the game quite recently. The Marquis of Lorne and Colonel Saunderson, being novices, receive the maximum handicap of twenty-four strokes. Colonel Saunderson, by the way, is drawn against Mr. John Penn, who is "scratch." Mr. H. W. Forster is the best player. Not only does he get no allowance of strokes, but he "owes one." The Cabinet will be represented by Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord George Hamilton, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and among other members of the Government in the competition are the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, Mr. Gerald Balfour, the Earl of Dudley, and Mr. Anstruther. The Front Opposition Bench sends Mr. Herbert Gladstone, Mr. Asquith, although he plays in Scotland in the autumn, has not entered. There are in all eighty-six competitors, including Parliamentary clerks and journalists.



*Monday.*—Banishment is my sentence, uttered at the Court of Gertie. Her little girl not being well, she thought my mother's big girl had better accompany them to the seaside in order to cheer the party into convalescence; thus an unseasonable trip to Brighton is to be placed to the credit of my dearest friend, and I still love her.

musical artist of more or less renown. Her skirt was of very black satin, her bodice of pale-pink chiffon, and lace frills showed beneath a short bolero of black velvet; she explained to that unfortunate young man every detail of a severe cold from which she had just recovered, varying his entertainment by a long account of what she, on some



A CEDAR-COLOURED VENETIAN CLOTH GOWN.



A GREY CLOTH COSTUME WITH THE NEWEST COAT.

It was quite amusing going down in the train. I went alone—I am not sociable when I travel, and the prattle of innocent young children disturbs me. I like to sit and look out of the window, with a book on my lap which I do not open, and pretend I am thinking of the beauties of Nature when the last cry of Fashion is echoing in my soul. This is what I meant to do. What I did was to listen with all my ears to the gentle chatter of a young girl and a young man. *She* was evidently a

special occasion, had said to her manager. She did not report what her manager had said to her. They never do. Editors of papers, when addressing journalists, and managers of theatres, when brought face to face with their artists, are invariably dumb—at least, so it may be judged when the journalist or the artist tells the story.

There was one very smart woman in the car, dressed in black rough serge, with a hat turned well back from her face to show a waved



curtain of fair hair down in a peak on her forehead. She was much interested in skating and informed us all with great enthusiasm of her latest "Q." I duly arrived after a cup of tea, taken under difficulties, to discover that Gertie was neither at the station nor in the hall to meet me—very inattentive of Gertie. However, as I realised she had been putting on her best frock (she met me in my bedroom almost as I entered), I forgave her. She was wearing a heliotrope cloth skirt and a bodice of tucked crêpe-de-Chine of the same shade, with a little tucked collar outlined with écarlé guipure, and a vest of cream-coloured pleated net. She said she thought she would like me to be impressed by my first view. I was—of the sea. It looked gloriously green and blue in the yellow sunshine. I was quite sorry to shut it out and dress for dinner, which I shared with Gertie and her husband, when we discussed the possibility of persuading Julia from her paths of conjugal devotedness to undertake a short holiday with us.

After spending one hour in getting on to the telephone in London, we were repulsed with scorn by the Paddington branch, who refused to



[Copyright.]

A DRESS OF CASHMERE CLOTH.

answer, and we vented our displeasure on the appearance of our neighbours. They were certainly not an attractive-looking number of women in the hall. Some were so woefully under-dressed in cheap blouses and black silk skirts, and the others were so dreadfully over-dressed in low-necked frocks and elaborately decorated hair. Why cannot people in a hotel at the seaside strike a happy medium and wear a lace dress or a lisse dress with a high bodice to match and a coloured ribbon belt? I should not have noticed that there was anything the matter with them if the telephone authorities had done their duty. Gertie took me upstairs and comforted me with a box of Sainsbury's sweets and sat with me while I undressed, and promised herself to copy my nightgown with its yoke of Valenciennes insertion and full sleeves tied with mauve ribbons, and then went downstairs, leaving me to realise once more that the sea has its charms—in the daytime.

Wednesday.—The Telephone Company did its duty, alas! Julia duly responded and Julia duly arrived! As she put her foot upon the Brighton platform she observed, "I am very ill. I have inflammation of the eye, and my temperature is a hundred degrees. My constitution is so magnificent I know I shall be better in an hour. Virginia, why is it you have such a bad constitution?" I groaned aloud. If this were a

sample of her best manners immediately she arrived, what was I to suffer during the next few days. The annoying part of it was that Julia arrived at the hotel, took some drug or the other—she takes drugs all the time she is boasting about her constitution—and went for a ten-mile walk, returning home with an appetite positively improper, to sit up till twelve o'clock at night playing picquet with Gertie's husband, calling in at my room on her way to bed to see if I were asleep and take care that I should not remain so, to casually mention her magnificent physique and leave me sleepless for two hours to think over it.

Friday.—I knew she would, and she did—Julia did. She woke me at eight, ordered me into bicycling-costume, took me for a little gentle ride, as she said, down the front, lured me to Worthing and back before luncheon. Twenty-four miles on that bicycle was I forced to ride. And there is no gratitude about Julia. It never occurred to her to say, "Thank you, Virginia, for being my companion, when I know you are sacrificing your own inclinations in thus taking so much exercise." Not a bit of it. All the way there and all the way back she explained to me how much better she bicycled than I, and how much better she looked while she was doing it, and what little effect it would have on her the next day, while she was quite certain I should be absolutely laid up. I looked much nicer than she did; there was no doubt about that. I made Gertie tell me so five times before I let her have her lunch. I have a new drab homespun suit, with a reefer coat, and I wear it with a straw hat and a black ribbon and a turquoise-blue tie. Julia has a dark-green suit, striped with lines of blue, a sac coat and a green velvet collar, and she wore a plaid tie and a sailor-hat with a black ribbon. She was quite a goodly sight. If she had not been so aggressively pleased with herself, I might have complimented her enthusiastically. When she had brought me home, she once more retired to Gertie's sitting-room and played picquet with Gertie's husband, and Gertie and I sat in the hall telling each other what we really thought of her in the intervals of admiring a particularly pretty blouse of emerald-green soft satin, with a hemstitched collar, showing a little vest of white tucked soft satin, and a belt of white satin. This, worn with a green straw toque, with shaded green leaves all round it, and a huge bunch of white violets at one side, was quite a pleasing spectacle. And Julia went on playing picquet.

Sunday.—I had a lovely drive to-day with my dear friend Mrs. P., all through Portslade among other places. Portslade is beautiful. I propose to live there one day—there is no time fixed—but its hills and old bridges and old Norman churches and gaunt old trees appeal to me. Mrs. P.'s tea also appealed to me; I never have eaten such hot cakes or such beautiful buns, and her room is so pretty with its pale-blue walls, its forest of palms on the one side, and the mantelpiece a nest of yellow daffodils.

On leaving her I wandered into the Ice Skating-Rink for half-an-hour. Most charmingly decorated it is, the walls of the entrances being striped, while the conservatory gives forth that earth-warm smell so pleasing, and within the rink itself the tapestried walls have an inviting air.

There were some excellent skaters there, and one woman looked very nice in a blouse shading from hyacinth to mauve, while another wore pale biscuit-coloured cloth trimmed over the bodice and the skirt with narrow lines of brown velvet. And a pretty effect was gained by a crêpe-de-Chine shirt crowned with a Tuscan hat trimmed with pale-blue rosettes. I quite enjoyed myself, and went home to receive Julia's reproaches at having deserted her for so many hours. And still she went on playing picquet.

#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

FLORENCE.—Bodices are cut into quite a small square, or V, or round, whichever you prefer, and either adorned with bands of black velvet ribbon, or fanciful designs of lace, or merely piped. They are not, as a rule, open at the back so far down as in the front. You had better make the chemisette yourself, with fine tucks and little rows of Valenciennes lace between; you would not get a really good one except at a very good shop, and that would be dear.

LUCAN.—Jet embroideries are frequently combined with lace patterns on net foundations and on lisse foundations. The effect is very good indeed. Sometimes the introduction of other beads is to be seen—for instance, steel or turquoise. Nearly every dress has some white lisse or lace near the throat. The newest hats from Paris turn right up off the face, trimmed with tulle and wings. The most attractive of those long bows are of spotted net trimmed with three or four rows of gathered baby-ribbon.

DUDA.—Choose black cloth, with the skirt decorated with strappings, the coat lined with white satin and showing a front of ivory lace, the belt to be of white kid. I like the shape you propose. The hat should be of black jet, trimmed with two small ostrich feathers slanting backwards and a light drapery of tulle. Thanks for your letter.

LEILA.—A coat and skirt I reckon the best style for that child, the sleeves to be perfectly small, the jacket of the reefer shape. It is easy enough to make it neat round the waist if you cut the blouse of a good length and have a Petersham band sewn on to the skirt. A round linen collar, the large size of Eton like the boys wear, looks very nice with a black silk French tie beneath it forming a bow. The ordinary sailor-hat with a black ribbon round it, I like; and I also like those hats which come from Paris with filled muslin brims and crowns of straw trimmed with a scarf of muslin.

ECHEMIE.—The Orient Pearl necklaces are from the Parisian Diamond Company, 143, Regent Street; you can have them any size you like. Personally, I think I prefer those which consist of two rows, fitting closely to the throat, but not absolutely tight. They usually fasten with a diamond snap. Pearls are as much worn as ever, and a novelty which is much patronised in Paris, and which you can also get from the Parisian Diamond Company, is the *sautoir* of diamonds set transparently. The light tortoiseshell combs, with diamond garlands, are more popular than the dark ones. The bicycling-skirt, divided imperceptibly, I prefer. It fastens on either side of the front, and obviates all necessity for elastics, &c. The shape of coat is unimportant so long as it sets closely and has no fulness in the sleeves. A plain toque or a sailor-hat is the ideal finishing touch. Thanks for your letter.

VIRGINIA.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on April 13.*

## MONEY.

The only feature of importance disclosed by the Bank Return last week was a decrease of over one and a-quarter million in the "Other Deposits," arising from repayments to the Bank. Tax payments were responsible for an increase of £638,871 in "Public Deposits." The result of these and other minor movements had the effect of raising the proportion of reserve to liabilities fractionally to 43 per cent. Under such conditions there was no necessity for the Bank directors to interfere with the present minimum rate of 3 per cent. The figures had no appreciable effect upon the market. Loans commanded  $2\frac{1}{4}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum for the week, and into April about  $2\frac{3}{4}$ , while brokers were quoting  $2\frac{1}{8}$  to  $2\frac{3}{8}$  for discounting fine drafts with three, four, or six months to run.

## STOCK EXCHANGE VALUES.

Owing chiefly to political considerations, there has been a heavy depreciation in securities generally during the month. A good idea of this depreciation is obtained from a study of the usual monthly table compiled by the *Banker's Magazine*. We find that the decrease during the month ending 19th inst. in the aggregate value of 325 representative securities amounted to no less than £51,667,000, or 1.5 per cent. The only redeeming features in the list are improvements in Coal, Iron, and Steel Companies, Canals and Docks, and in Shipping undertakings, the settlement of the engineering strike, no doubt, having something to do with this. It has been a disastrous month for those interested in Mines, the depreciation on the ten representative companies in this department (chiefly South African) amounting to £3,673,000, or 9 per cent. American Railway shares have also suffered considerably.

## THE CHINESE LOAN.

A few weeks ago the City was tumbling head over heels to get a bit of the underwriting of this loan at 2 per cent. We never quite understood the reason of the eagerness, unless it was, as in the case of Rhodesian ventures, a mistaken sort of patriotism, and now the underwriters find that the public took very much our view of the situation, and that they are "stuck" with about 70 per cent. of the sums they underwrote. In other words, the loan will come to them at about 87. No doubt political reasons had much to do with the failure, but the loan was very badly advertised, and the underwriters never, therefore, had a

run for their money. Any man's banker will carry the stuff for him on a 10 per cent. margin, perhaps, if his credit is good, or less, so that no great damage is done. The security, although by no means bad, is, in our opinion, distinctly inferior to that of the earlier loans, and we strongly urge investors who like this class of thing to buy either the 5 per cent. bonds or the 6 per cent. loan issued by the Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China, and which we consider to be the pick of the basket.

## THE SALT UNION, LIMITED.

Drowning men catch at straws, and we are not therefore altogether surprised at a whisper which is current that one of the officers of the Salt Union, who is credited with an earnest desire to evade the broom



MR. WILLIAM S. McDOWELL.  
CHAIRMAN OF THE SHAREHOLDERS' COMMITTEE  
OF THE SALT UNION.

of reform, is assisting the Verdin party, under the ostensible leadership of Mr. Keen and Dr. McDougal. The result, if successful, would be to thwart the efforts of the Committee properly elected at the general meeting, and presided over by Mr. W. S. McDowell, which has already rendered such signal service to the true interests of the shareholders, and which, we hear, has already succeeded (after immense difficulties) in securing some gentlemen of the very best standing in Liverpool commercial circles to strengthen the Board of Directors, and infuse a new spirit of reform and activity into the management of the company. We cannot believe for one instant that the shareholders will be so blind to their own interests as to pay attention to any circulars whether signed by Mr. Keen or Sir Joseph Verdin, and whether containing information obtained from an officer of the company or not.

The McDowell Committee commands the support of a large majority of the proprietors, it represents men who have the greatest possible personal interest in saving the concern, and it has hitherto conducted its operations with a moderation and sagacity which other like bodies might well imitate. To save the Union will be a most difficult task, and the difficulties will be increased tenfold if there is a noisy agitation. By giving scant support to Mr. Keen and the discontented busybodies who want a finger in the pie, the shareholders will serve their own best interests.

## WEST AUSTRALIAN TIMBER, AND OTHER THINGS.

We have received the following letter from our West Australian correspondent, which, at the present time and in view of the active market movements going on in the shares of the various Timber Companies, is bound to prove of interest.

I had intended writing something this week about the position of affairs at Hannan's, where the oxidised ores are gradually being crushed out of existence, and the experts are face to face with sulphides which, though rich, cannot be reduced on the spot. But it is sad to be always a pessimist, and I decided to leave the crisis to look after itself and write some sweet idyllic thing about timber. I suppose scientific men will declare that the love of humanity for the woods is a relic of barbarism, and I am quite aware that an advanced civilisation demands cast-iron railings and steel girders. I do not pretend to be civilised; I admire every species of barbarism, and I would rather spend an hour in the virgin forests of Western Australia or Tasmania than a month on the front at Brighton. There is surely nothing more beautiful than a Karri forest. The tree is so delicate, with its silver sheen and feathery crown; it runs straight as a lance a hundred feet before it breaks into branches, and then it merely shoots out half-a-dozen boughs from which flutter a mere handful of grey leaves. So, looking skywards, one catches a glimmer of shaking light, a flash of scarlet wings in brilliant relief, and a patch of purest blue.

There is none of the fetid gloom of a tropic forest, as there is none of its life. Save for a flight of King Cockatoos, there are no birds, and no beasts. The forest stretches in solemn undulation for hundreds of miles; in the glens it is hard riding, for the spearwood is dense, but on the crest of the ridges, where the fire has been through, the glades are open. Western Australia may boast of her gold-mines, but, rich as the Lake View and the Ivanhoe may be, they are but paltry possessions compared with the millions of acres of virgin forest which stretch along the south-west course of the colony. In the south, from Cape Leeuwin to Bunbury, is a strip of rich soil some fifty miles wide by, say, one hundred and fifty long, in which grows the Karri. Outside this strip, in the rugged granite of the Darling Ranges, the Jarrah grows. The one tree—sleek, smooth, like some white maiden—will only live in the luxurious depths of a loamy chocolate soil; the other—rugged and gnarled, ugly and stout, like our English oak—cares little for its soil, but it loves the rifts of the granite hills and the sand of the granite basins. It will grow anywhere on the ranges.

Only an expert can tell the two woods apart when they are felled and cut into planks; both are a rich strawberry tint, of almost as close a grain as mahogany, as heavy as teak, and as tough as oak. They take a splendid polish, but when unseasoned they are more or less saturated with acetic acid, and the smell of a timber-mill in Western Australia is distinctly peculiar. Curiously enough, too, they are somewhat poisonous, especially before they are dried—a scratch from a Jarrah splinter will give a man in bad condition a nasty wound. By the time the wood has reached England its semi-poisonous properties have vanished, but many is the sore hand I have got by carelessly running my fingers along the rail of a mine stairway. For wood-paving either Karri or Jarrah is unsurpassed; it wears three times as long as deal, and it is far less absorbent, and therefore far more hygienic. It is naturally a shade noisier, but the difference is not serious.

In most engineering works these two woods are now taking the place of the other Australian gums, for they stand great strains, and they will resist almost anything except white ant. I suppose shareholders in the various West Australian timber companies will write to *The Sketch* and declare that their beloved Karri will even defy white ant and *Teredo navalis*. Well, the Editor won't insert their letters. There are people living in Western Australia who claim for Karri and Jarrah properties which have long since been denied to archangels, premiers, and prima-donnas. I am willing to declare that Karri and Jarrah are the finest woods the world produces, but they will not cure broken legs and measles.

I think that investments in the best of the wood companies are fairly safe, because the competition is not so keen as one might imagine, and, were the various companies to combine, they might reduce this competition to a minimum. There are, it is true, many million acres of hardwood forests in Western Australia; but it will be many years before they are available for cutting. To begin with, you cannot fell trees which cut into logs fifteen to twenty feet in circumference without a railway to carry your logs away on. So that only the land which is served by railways can be cut. Little feeders from the main line run hither and thither through the forests of the Darling Ranges, and as they eat their way into the forest so the trees fall; but it does not pay as yet to build those feeders except through such forests as are phenomenally thick or blessed with extra large trees. The small trees do not pay for felling. That is why Karri mills pay better than Jarrah. The Karri-tree is bigger, and cuts into better logs than the Jarrah. The tree is taller, more evenly grown, and makes less waste. But there is much less Karri in the colony than Jarrah, and it is in much more inaccessible spots. The Jarrah grows everywhere. It is cut into planks, match-boarding, roofing-tiles, and makes the finest firewood in the world. It is, in some respects, a finer timber than the Karri, but it is not found in such big logs and is difficult to cut into ninety-foot piles.

I notice someone has been saying that Jarrah forests are ugly. Of course, this person is entitled to say whatever he likes; but I should like to drive him through a certain Jarrah forest near Donnybrook, and I think he would alter his opinion. I could show him huge gnarled monsters twenty feet in girth, which are as fine as the oaks in Fontainebleau, or he may risk his neck with me in a buggy over the precipitous hills of the Collie and see forests of trees unmatched in Australia for size, with a grandeur of contour no Gippsland gum could surpass. Tourists go many thousands of miles to see the big trees of the Yosemite. Some day, perhaps, Cook will organise excursions through the Denmark, and throw in a day's pelican-shooting on Wilson's Inlet. Some day the real wealth of Western Australia will be appreciated at its proper value, and its timber recognised as unique. Some day I shall be recognised as an authority—the sooner the better, for it is weary work driving the nail of fact into the wooden head of the British public.

## AMERICAN RAILROAD STATISTICS.

The Northern Pacific Company has plenty of scope for its operations, running, as it does, from Ashland and Superior, in Wisconsin, and Duluth, in Minnesota, to Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon.



The present company is a reorganisation as from Sept. 1, 1896, of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, which was organised in 1875 and sold under foreclosure in July 1896. Its total mileage is 4367, and its traffic chiefly depends upon agriculture, although the products of forests and mines contribute no small share of the total freight it carries. It is a great pity that we cannot have, in convenient and cheap form for reference, intelligible statistics regarding American railroad companies. Messrs. T. C. Mathieson and Sons, who are the recognised authorities for the compilation of Home Railway statistics, publish what purports to be a similar set of monthly tables regarding American Rails. That this compilation is quite ineffective is chiefly the fault of railroad companies themselves, whose accounts notoriously pass the comprehension of the ordinary reader. But, complicated as these accounts are, Messrs. Mathieson might surely avoid increasing the complexity in their monthly American Traffic Tables; the investor in search of information, and having for his purpose only these tables before him, is apt to be disconcerted when he finds that the addition of 74,812,500 dollars with 56,000,000 dollars results in a total of 13,812,500 dollars. Such a result is what seems to have been achieved in these traffic tables for November 1897, in connection with the Northern Pacific. They are said to be "uniform with Mathieson's Traffic Tables," but we trust this is not so. In the same issue of these tables there is given a list of eleven items of the capital of the Norfolk and Western, the total purporting to be 46,710,700 dollars. One of the items alone is 66,000,000 dollars, and there are two other items exceeding 20,000,000 dollars. On the ordinary principles of arithmetic, as we learnt them at school, the items set out cast up at 135,710,700 dollars. People will speculate in American Railroad shares without the faintest idea of what they are doing. It may serve as a warning to some of them to give a glance at the particulars, given below, of the conflicting statements which have come under our notice regarding the Northern Pacific—

	Dollars.
<i>Burdett's Official Intelligence</i> (the recognised book of reference on the London Stock Exchange) puts the total Funded debt of the company at...	156,382,500
Of which there is pointed out in a footnote that 1,755,000 dollars was repaid on Nov. 1, 1897.	
Mathieson's (recognised authorities on railroad statistics in general) say that the total Funded Debt is ...	13,812,500
The <i>Commercial and Financial Chronicle</i> of New York, in its quarterly Investors' Supplement, dated January last, gives a fearsome statement, made up of bold type and italics, which, so far as we can make out, accounts for a Funded Debt of ...	320,000,000

We can make neither head nor tail of all these, and we are not going to try. Our own impression is that our New York contemporary is the most likely to be correct, from the American point of view; but it would be quite safe to offer a substantial prize for an essay devoted to reconciling these differences.

#### THE SOUTH AMERICAN OUTLOOK.

Affairs in South America are not looking over-rosy in any quarter. The ruling rate for Brazilian exchange, of round about 6½d., as compared with a nominal par value of 27d., is very far from encouraging. To take only one example—though many might be given—the report of the British Bank of South America and the speech of the chairman at the meeting held towards the end of last week do not lend any encouragement for the moment. The chairman said that the report submitted was not such as they would have liked, and had hoped to have laid before the shareholders; but, taking into account the difficulties attending banking operations in Brazil during the year, and the restriction of business caused by the very stringent instructions they had felt it necessary to send to their managers in South America in order to prevent such serious losses as they had sustained in the previous year, he thought the results not so unsatisfactory, after all. With all that we quite agree. The remarks were directed to explaining the position of the bank itself. But in them there is nothing optimistic regarding the Brazilian outlook. On the contrary, there are reported serious losses, chiefly in Rio de Janeiro, and the necessity for sending out stringent instructions to prevent the recurrence of such. The view taken of the situation, as we read between the lines, was regarded as sufficiently grave to make the chairman think it worth his while to discuss at some length the position of the bank as regards a possible exhaustion of the reserve fund in order to make good the depreciation in the sterling value of the capital employed in Brazil. The danger, he contended, did not exist, and we have no reason to doubt this. The remarks are merely quoted as an index of the South American position. Another contingency, which we sincerely trust may be averted, is an outbreak of war between Chile and the Argentine Republic. According to the latest advices at the time of writing, such a deplorable event seems unlikely to occur, but the *Times* correspondent at Santiago says that, in the event of disagreement between the two countries, Chile will demand compliance with the treaty, or submission of the questions in dispute to the arbitration of the British Government. In the event of a refusal, which he considers unlikely, war will be declared.

#### CHADBURN'S (SHIP) TELEGRAPH COMPANY, LIMITED.

At the moment of writing the lists of this company have not opened, and it is quite impossible, therefore, to say how the public application will go, but, judging by the way we have been inundated with correspondents asking for advance prospectuses, we should imagine that the demand for shares will be very large. The Preference shares are very nearly covered by solid assets, the Board is composed of practical men, Mr. Chadburn, whose good name is at stake, remains at the head of

affairs, and, in these days of wars and rumours of wars, it is not a bad thing to have a little money invested in a business which thrives as much upon the orders of English and foreign warships as upon its connection with our mercantile marine. From the letters we have received, an idea appears to have entered the heads of some correspondents that we favour the Preference shares. This is not so; the Ordinary shares appear to us the more attractive.

#### COMPANY REVELATIONS.

Our readers would do well to study the accounts which are published from time to time in the daily papers of the way in which the baser sort of mining and finance companies are got up, floated, and engineered. Over and over again in these columns we have called upon the Treasury and the Public Prosecutor to show us whether or not the criminal law was strong enough to reach cases which had come under our own observation; indeed, until within the last few weeks, we thought that we were "as the voice of one crying in the wilderness," but on a sudden the notorious Lupton and his associates are brought before Sir John Bridge at Bow Street, and the Official Receivers appear to have developed an equal amount of energy in Carey Street over the Brotherton companies, of which the London and Westminster Contract Corporation was the leading feature. Not a few of our readers have found themselves victims of these promoters, and they will, of course, watch with interest the development of both cases; but, while expressing no opinion as to whether the criminal law has been violated in either case, we can honestly recommend every person who dabbles in the shares of companies which are recommended by the host of gutter-rags sent all over the country "free, gratis, and all for nothing," to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the evidence, which they will find both instructive and interesting. If the result is to convince even a few people of the folly of believing half they read in the circulars and so-called newspapers sent to them, the action of the public authorities will not have been in vain.

We suppose the Treasury and the Public Prosecutor must make a beginning somewhere, and, whatever the result of practically their first experiment, we can promise to supply them with the details of two other cases connected with quite different "gangs" as to which we feel confident no jury would hesitate for five minutes. Mr. Hess, of the *Critic*, to whom, we think, the country owes the Lupton prosecution, could, we know, supply valuable details of both the other groups we have in our mind's eye.

#### ISSUES.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited.—This company is formed to acquire the trade-marks, assets, and goodwill of this well-known proprietary article, but only 200,000 6 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares are offered for public subscription. The business has been built up by providing a good article and advertising it in a liberal way, and there is every reason to believe that, so long as this policy is continued, the prosperity which has hitherto attended it will be maintained and increased. The profits, after deducting all advertising expenses, were for the year to Nov. 25 last £72,832, and for the last three months at the rate of over £100,000 a year. The purchase-price is fixed at £100,000 in cash and £200,000 in Ordinary shares, but, as the solid assets (exclusive of goodwill) are said to be of the value of £100,436, and as half the proceeds of the present issue are to be devoted to working capital, the Preference shares are entirely represented by something tangible, and appear to us a very reasonable investment.

For advertisements of new issues see pages i and xii.

Saturday, March 26, 1898.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CAMPANIA.—You had far better take the eighteen shillings a share you can get than wait for the opening.

A. K.—We should say the present time was suitable for averaging your holdings but for the chances of war between the States and Spain. If peace is maintained, prices will improve; if not, you will be able to get in cheaper than the present level.

F. W. Y.—(1) We doubt it. (2) For all practical purposes, "Yes." The prospectus has been sent.

W. E. J.—We have a bad opinion of both the mining companies you mention. The prospectus has been sent.

S. D. F.—We have no belief in the concern you name. It is loaded up with shares of other concerns belonging to the same group bought at high prices, and the inevitable end must be collapse.

CONDUIT.—We give the names of brokers in private letters only, as to which see Rule 5. The prospectus has been sent.

A. S.—The application should be sent direct to the Bankers.

Wm. F. J.—No.

G. S. S.—See Notes. Ordinary shares certainly for a "speculative investment."

JOSEPHUS.—We think the Deferred shares are low enough for the moment; but if they improve to 15s., as they did the other day, take it.

KYLE.—To all your questions we can only say that buying Mining shares or Yankee Rails at this moment appears very like a wild gamble. The Mining Market is quite dead, and cannot move until the war scares are over, while the price of Yankee Rails depends on the question of war with Spain. Use your own judgment as to what is going to happen, and remember that politics, not merits, are the controlling factor in the immediate future of prices. (A) We think the gang are played out. (B) On merits these are cheap. (C) No. (D) Very little chance. We have no tips except to sit on your cash for the present.

J. D.—We doubt it.

CHADBURN'S (SHIP) TELEGRAPH COMPANY.—It would be quite impossible to acknowledge in detail the numerous letters and telegrams we have received asking for prospectuses of this company. The document has been sent to all old correspondents and all new ones who have written for it.

NOTE.—An envelope has come from Tralee with some printed matter, broker's price-list, &c., but no letter. If our correspondent will write to the City Editor at the proper address, and say what he wants, we will try to oblige him.